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THE WAR.

GENERAL FAIDHERBE persists in saying that he is perfectly content with the results of his engagement with General MANTEUFFEL. Some of his men ran away beforehand, he alleges, and some afterwards, but the bulk of them stood firm and fought well. For a whole day these raw troops faced the trained and triumphant Germans, and were not driven off their ground. The Germans do not pretend to have done more than take a few of the villages that formed the front of the French position. But then the French were as two to one, and the next day they had to retreat northwards. They stayed, as General FAIDHERBE alleges, to see whether the Germans would venture to renew the engagement, and then they withdrew. They fell back first on Arras, and then went further north, and seem to have got safely to Lille. Undoubtedly it was nothing like a complete victory for the Germans. They did not manage to crush the French on the field of battle or to cut off their retreat. General MANTEUFFEL has had to give up his further advance into Western Normandy, and if there are any troops to come up from Cherbourg he is not there to stop them. The French are safe under the shelter of the guns of Lille, and they have fought a battle of some importance with the enemy, and have not been beaten. So far, therefore, the course of General FAIDHERBE has not been without some success. But then, if his object was to intercept the line of the German communications, he has not succeeded. Far from succeeding, he has been driven back to as distant a point from the object he had in view as that which he occupied when he started. It is evident, from the sortie of last week, that General TROCHU believed the Army of the North was advancing to the relief of Paris.

General TROCHU has been disappointed, and the fact that he has been disappointed is not counterbalanced by the resistance of the troops of General FAIDHERBE during a day's fighting. Perhaps, however, some of the accounts which we have recently received from the provincial towns of France will enable us to guess the nature of the satisfaction which General FAIDHERBE describes himself as feeling. No one can have read the account given in the *Daily News* of the raw Mobiles of Boulogne without realizing the enormous difficulties which a French general has now to overcome before he can put into the field an army that will fight for a whole day without losing ground. The wretched lads whom patriotism, or fear of the authorities and their neighbours, had collected together, shuffled about with a horror and ignorance of war which was only surpassed by the avowed incompetence of the simpletons that were called their officers. So necessary was it to cheer them, that a special proclamation from M. GAMBIER was found to have been posted up, stating that the Prussian bullets never did any real harm, but only tickled a little; and that it was a great advantage to all good Frenchmen that the Prussians attacked in compact masses, because then French bullets could not fail to hit some of them. It must be by the most determined efforts that a general can discipline sixty thousand such recruits into fighting soldiers; and General FAIDHERBE may well have been surprised and delighted, and proud of himself and his men, when he had ascertained that they would hold their own resolutely, although Prussian bullets did something more than tickle, and the advantage of being attacked by compact masses appeared slightly theoretical.

It is impossible that, when our nearest neighbours are fighting, we should not in an infinite variety of ways feel the inconveniences of the struggle. An incident has occurred this week which shows how soon the relations between neutrals and belligerents may become delicate. Six English colliers, returning from Rouen, were stopped at Du-

clair, twelve miles lower down the Seine, some shots were fired, and the vessels themselves were sunk to bar the navigation. This was of course a grievance readily seized on by that numerous section of Englishmen who, without any real intention of forcing the country into a war with Germany, still like to gratify their romantic sympathy with France by eagerly seizing on every safe pretext for a paper quarrel with Count BISMARCK. It is of course right that the Government should ask for explanations when the lives of Englishmen have been possibly imperilled, and when the property of Englishmen has undoubtedly been confiscated; nor is there any reason to doubt that, if the act was an unlawful one, ample reparation will be made. But the German account of the matter is already forthcoming. These vessels, they state, had gone up to Rouen under a permit, had applied for a permit to return, but had chosen to depart without waiting for it. They were very naturally brought to, and shots were probably fired, not to endanger life, but to prevent them from slipping away without giving an account of themselves. When it was ascertained that they were proceeding in acknowledged contravention of the rules which a belligerent has an undoubted right to impose, they were seized and used for the purposes of war, an undertaking being given that their value should be paid to their owners. If this account is to be depended upon, the proceeding does not seem a very harsh or extreme use of belligerent rights, as it is necessary that some penalty should be inflicted upon neutrals who venture to violate the regulations which for their own protection those who occupy an hostile country are obliged to make. No one in England would wish to find excuses for the Germans if they have been wrong; but it has to be shown that they have been wrong; and if they have been wrong, the Germans ought to be credited with a willingness to redress the wrong they have done, until they have clearly shown a disposition to refuse to do what is right. And it so happens that almost at the same moment the Germans have had reason to acknowledge our readiness to do our duty by them. It came to the knowledge of the Prussian Minister that a vessel was about to leave England, bound for France, with a cable on board to be used for the purposes of military telegraphy. By the Act of last Session the Government was enabled to detain a vessel about to be employed with such an object. Count BERNSTORFF asked that the Act should be put in force, and within three hours after the demand had been made the vessel was detained. In one way nothing could be more satisfactory; it showed that where any good ground existed for asking our Government to interfere there was the utmost promptitude in discharging the duty we had offered to undertake. But at the same time there is some matter for serious reflection in the case. Here we were asked to fulfil an obligation which we had voluntarily chosen to create for ourselves by a municipal statute. International law knows nothing of the duty of a neutral to interrupt the export of cables destined for military use. If we have got so far, where are we to stop? It is entirely impossible to distinguish on theoretical grounds between the export of arms and the export of telegraphic cables. They are both the instruments of active military operations, and if any distinction is to be drawn, certainly the export of the cables would appear the more innocent of the two. No proposition of international law can be clearer than that a neutral may export arms; but if we once choose to forbid the export of military instruments, which in the eye of international law is an act equally innocent, and admit that we are bound to put in force our municipal statutes, even when they create duties unknown to the code of international law, we shall be sure to be pressed sooner or later with our want of logic, and shall find

it extremely difficult to escape the burden of having to forbid the export of many other things which at present we consider ourselves free to send to belligerents without giving ground of offence.

The latest accounts from inside Paris show that the sortie towards St. Denis had been looked forward to with eager expectation, and was supposed to be the beginning of a decisive movement. But it does not appear that any commensurate success was obtained, or that towards the North the position of the French was at all improved. What is the real state of affairs in Paris it is still most difficult to ascertain. It is said that there is meat up to the end of January, and bread for at least a fortnight more. But experience has already shown that these precise calculations are very untrustworthy, and it is obvious that an English Correspondent, living as a bachelor and dining at restaurants, can know but very little of what happens in the home life of a population of more than two millions. All that we know for certain is that a supply of horseflesh is still doled out, which is a great deal better than nothing, but falls very far short of the very lowest that those accustomed to meat ordinarily consume. A hearty man who gets no more than his own share would now have to live in Paris on the equivalent of two mutton cutlets a-week. Then both flour and coals are now placed under Government supervision, and no one is permitted to possess more than a prescribed amount. It is difficult not to suppose that before long the patience of Paris will be taxed to a degree far beyond what has as yet been known. The last days of privation are far worse than the first, for they are haunted by the dreadful spectre of approaching starvation. What Paris will do when this spectre really flits before the eyes of the population no one can pretend to say. It has been surmised that General TROCHU, in anticipation of such a crisis, has formed a project of retreating, with a large force and ample stores, into the fortress of Mount Valérien. But as the Germans need not accept the capitulation of the city without that of the forts, General TROCHU would simply be killing off daily thousands of his countrymen in order to prolong a useless resistance. Paris will not yield unless it is starving, and a French general could hardly bear to protract the agonies of its starvation, whatever might be the military gain of his holding an adjoining fort. We are always driven back to the same point, that Paris must surrender unless it either can break through the lines of the besiegers or is relieved by a provincial army. Its sorties have failed, but it has succeeded in so far pushing out its works as seriously to inconvenience the Germans. Shells have been thrown within a very short distance of Versailles, and on the East some new advantages were obtained on the day when the ineffectual sortie was made towards the North. Mount Avron had also become so troublesome and so strong that the silence of the Prussian artillery was at length broken, and the result of a day's bombardment has been the capture of the fort. The provinces seem also preparing for renewed and vigorous action. CHANZY, who has issued a vigorous protest against the Prussians saying that he was defeated when he retreated before them, is now said to have at Le Mans a new army of two hundred thousand men, ready at the beginning of the year to march on Paris; while BOUTEBAKI is said to have slipped by Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, and to have advanced so far into Burgundy as to have compelled General von WERDER to evacuate Dijon. If this news is true, and if this movement is successfully conducted, it may prove to be the source of the most serious danger that the Germans have yet had to encounter.

THE MINISTRY.

MR. GLADSTONE, and any of his colleagues who may be admitted to his intimate confidence, must find a sensible addition to their labours and anxieties in the necessity which has arisen for a partial reconstruction of the Cabinet. It is not likely that the changes will end with the appointment of a successor to Mr. BRIGHT. It is generally understood that Mr. CARDWELL desires to retire from an office in which his success has not corresponded to his zeal and industry, or to his abilities, which are ill applied to the organization of a military system. At the Guildhall dinner, on the 9th of November, Mr. GLADSTONE excited some surprise by selecting Mr. CARDWELL among the members of his Government for complimentary notice. Mr. CARDWELL has a clear head, a thorough knowledge of administrative detail, and a firm grasp of sound principles of economy; but when a Secretary for War in a time of unexampled peril has failed to provide the country with an army, extraordinary eulogies of his merits are likely to be accepted

in an ironical sense. It may be true that, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, no recent War Minister has done more for the army than Mr. CARDWELL; but if any of his predecessors had created a reserve force, the occasion to which he has confessedly been unequal would not have arisen. Unless the problem has been solved since the latest official explanations of the policy of the Government, it would be better for Mr. CARDWELL's reputation to transfer the task to other hands. There are posts in the Government for which he is eminently qualified, and, after Mr. GLADSTONE, no member of the Cabinet commands more attention in the House of Commons. The only reason for wishing Mr. CARDWELL to retain his present post is the difficulty of finding a competent successor. Lord HARTINGTON, who was for a short time Minister of War, is certainly not superior in ability to Mr. CARDWELL; and Lord DE GREY, who is thoroughly master of the business of the office, has not been mentioned as a probable candidate. Mr. CHILDERS is well employed in the administration of the navy, and Mr. LOWE is not understood to sympathize with the general desire for an effective system of defence. The rumour that a distinguished soldier is to be entrusted with the organization of the army is probably only founded on conjecture. Mr. GLADSTONE would be disinclined to violate precedent by appointing to a great Cabinet office a professional expert who has never been in Parliament. If Sir W. MANSFIELD were to become Secretary for War, he must either be provided with a seat in the House of Commons or be created a peer. There is no doubt that in either House he would be competent to defend the measures of the Government and the conduct of the department. Few military men have taken an equal interest in civil administration; and, as a member of the Supreme Council at Calcutta, the late COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF habitually took an active part in general business. The future Minister, whoever he may be, will be engaged during the coming Session rather in legislative than in administrative detail. Not only the relations of the active army to a Reserve which has yet to be brought into existence, but the purchase system, and the relations of the War Office to the Home Guards, will be more eagerly discussed than any other question of domestic politics.

Although it is undoubtedly necessary that the Cabinet should represent the principal sections of the Parliamentary majority, Mr. GLADSTONE will do well to resist as far as possible the importunity of his extreme supporters for promotion. It is understood that Mr. STANFELD, who is luckily a capable man as well as an ultra-Liberal, stands next in order for advancement. In the Admiralty and the Treasury he has acquired some official experience, and there is no reason to doubt his fitness for higher employment. As a speaker Mr. STANFELD is above the average, and his early political associations were rather eccentric than petty or vulgar. If he should succeed Mr. BRIGHT at the Board of Trade, he might profitably exert his energies in reforming much of the practice of the department. The President of the Board of Trade has no proper business of his own, except when it becomes necessary to pass or consolidate Bills which relate to commerce or to shipping; but a great number of promiscuous functions have by a long succession of Acts of Parliament devolved on clerks, inspectors, and other miscellaneous subordinates, who practically form the Board of Trade. Of the duties which ought to be discharged by the Board, a large portion bears a judicial character, and yet it has never occurred to any President or Secretary of the Board that it would be proper to provide a judicial organization. In the Board of Trade, and in the Home Office, which, under a random system of legislation, divides with the Board precisely similar functions, business is more carelessly and improperly conducted than in any other public department. The construction of Acts of Parliament, often involving large amounts of property, is referred sometimes to engineer officers, sometimes to inspectors of no special profession, and almost always to persons who are ready to listen to the private representations of one or both of the parties concerned. There is no suspicion of corruption, but there is an entire absence of security for the administration of law and justice. When Parliament is persuaded to transfer to the Board of Trade, or to the Health Department of the Home Office, inquiries which had previously been conducted by its Committees, all the precautions which have been found necessary for the protection of corporate and private rights are at once abolished. Even when the officers of the Board of Trade are perfectly competent to decide the questions submitted to their judgment, their decisions are not final, as long as it is possible for a deputation or an active local member to

obtain access to the Secretary or the President. The chaotic state of a department which has managed to engross to itself a vast mass of business too incon siderable and minute to be superintended by its chief, offers great opportunities to an active President. On inquiry he would find that contested matters of importance are sometimes disposed of in his name by persons who have never even thought it necessary to read the Acts of Parliament which create their jurisdiction.

Some minor vacancies will probably occur in consequence of the necessary Cabinet appointments. Mr. LEFEVRE, having had the good fortune to represent the Board of Trade for an entire year, has given satisfaction in the House of Commons; and he can scarcely be held responsible for the confusion and inefficiency of the office. It is not improbable that he may be selected as the successor of Mr. STANSFIELD at the Treasury, or, if Mr. BAXTER is promoted, Mr. LEFEVRE would be an industrious Secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. TREVELYAN, having early placed his foot on the ladder of office, chose to relinquish for the present his chances of advancement, and he has now undertaken to advocate various changes in the army, and especially the abolition of purchase. In many respects an independent position is attractive to a clever and ambitious member who is young enough to afford to wait. When Mr. TREVELYAN next returns to office he will have found by experience that no Government could exist on the principle of unlimited mutual liability. One or two minor changes have been announced during the present week. Lord ENFIELD, formerly Secretary of the Poor Law Board, has succeeded Mr. OTWAY, who has, in consequence, it is said, of an imprudent interference in Italian politics, resigned the place of Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office. Mr. DAVISON, one of the ablest members of the Bar, has consented to be shelved for the present as Judge-Advocate-General; or perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE may intend to employ his services in the preparation and advocacy of the forthcoming measures for the re-organization of the army.

The loss of strength which the Government incurs by the resignation of Mr. BRIGHT scarcely involves immediate danger to its existence. Notwithstanding the practical changes which have been made in the Constitution, it is still necessary that any party which proposes to overthrow a Government should have an alternative Cabinet ready to take office. The Conservatives have the same respectable body of administrators at their disposal who formerly served under Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI; but in the present Parliament it is impossible that Mr. DISRAELI should form a Government. The extreme Liberals, on the other hand, though they might possibly withdraw their support from the Government, have no organized staff of their own. Mr. GLADSTONE is their natural leader, inasmuch as he does more for their cause than any champion whom they could select among themselves; and they have a special element of weakness in the fact that they are entirely unrepresented, except perhaps by the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the House of Lords. It would be a strain on the resources of the party to supply the places of Mr. LOWE, Mr. CARDWELL, and Mr. CHADWICK; and they are certainly not prepared at the same time to find successors to Lord GRANVILLE, the Duke of ARGYLL, Lord KIMBERLEY, and Lord DE GREY. It is a great convenience to have a considerable number of qualified candidates for high office who are not compelled to submit to the chances of popular election; and any list which could be drawn up of the most capable statesmen and administrators in the country would at any time include a number of peers. On the whole, Mr. GLADSTONE may safely and prudently choose the best men whom he can find, without thinking it necessary to count the votes which he may gain or lose. It is satisfactory to be assured that Mr. AYTON, who was supposed two years ago to have a chance of a place in the Cabinet, has by his administration of the Board of Works made it impossible for the most partial of his friends to recommend his further promotion.

OUR SO-CALLED DEFENCES.

NOT long since Count BISMARCK thought fit to declare that he regarded the European treaty which guaranteed the neutrality of Luxemburg as no longer binding. In a few days a Conference will meet to discuss the pretensions of Russia to treat with a like high-handed contempt the Treaty of 1856 which was the only fruit of our successful campaign in the Crimea; and it is tolerably certain either that we shall practically submit to the arrogance of Russia, or else that the Czar will ostentatiously avow and act upon his determination

to disregard alike the old treaty and the decisions of the new Congress. It is quite possible that none of these complications may result in immediate hostilities. The threats levelled against Luxemburg may end in a transaction, and Russia may be content to postpone her meditated attack on Turkey until she has utilized the privilege, which she will most probably obtain, of preparing an overwhelming force for its destruction. But it is only too evident that we are drifting into difficulties and dangers, the upshot of which must be either humiliation for this country or war.

Why is it that England, the most peace-loving and straightforward of all the States of the world, is thus confronted with insults and challenges from every side? The answer is simple. We are the only unarmed European nation. We suffer all the burdens that fall upon the taxpayers of other countries, and in return we have an army which any one of our neighbours could gobble up with a mere detachment of its forces. The defences of this country have been talked about, sometimes with intelligence but oftener without, until people seem to have entirely forgotten the monstrous facts of the case. No State on the face of the earth spends as much money on its normal naval and military establishments as we do. The mighty German army, prepared in time of peace, as has been proved, to put in line and supply a force of half a million men on two or three weeks' notice, with a reserve of equal strength ready for action at no long interval, costs less in ordinary times than the beautiful little specimen of an army corps which is supposed to constitute an adequate defence for the richest country in the world. Much the same may be said of the formidable forces of Russia and Austria. Even Italy, staggering under its load of poverty and debt, manages to keep up an army which would overwhelm by sheer weight of numbers all the battalions we could muster to face an enemy.

These are the facts of the case, which no one pretends to dispute, and no one can hope to justify. By mere force of custom we go on assuming that a force of fifty or sixty thousand men may be reckoned as an available army in days when armies are counted always by hundreds of thousands, and sometimes almost by millions. So completely have traditional notions begogged the minds of our administrators, that they seem to conceive that they have done something to prepare for a European crisis by spending a couple of millions in raising the strength of our home forces from fifty or sixty up to seventy or eighty thousand men; and this without any adequate increase, or, so far as appears at present, any increase at all, in our field artillery, which is about a tenth part as strong as that of any one of the Continental Powers who may choose to pick a quarrel with us, as more than one seems disposed to do. The whole arrangement is too absurd to exist anywhere except in the home of conventional paradoxes. We have a *corps d'armée*, which it is the conventional thing to call an army, and when the political horizon looks black—and it is black enough now—it is the conventional thing to assume that we have made all due preparation for every contingency by expanding, at great cost, a weak *corps d'armée* into a strong *corps d'armée*, and assuming that it may well take its place in front of possible enemies, each of whose forces comprises at least a score of similar corps. It will be asked, what do we counsel? Do we desire simply to multiply our peace establishment by ten or twenty (if that were possible), and to raise the army estimates from 15,000,000/ to 150,000,000/ or 200,000,000/? Certainly not. And yet neither our professional soldiers nor our Ministers have been able to imagine any other mode of adding to our strength than the mere numerical increase of forces constituted as our regular army is. Twenty thousand men were added on paper several months ago, and some of them are now in the ranks. Perhaps under stronger pressure another twenty thousand men might be voted, and, it may be, yet another after that. And, when all was done, we should find our army taxation swelled by several millions, and our army just as little able as before to encounter the array of any European enemy. This method, no doubt, is absurd and impracticable—first, because the outrageous expense of an adequate force could not, and would not, be endured in time of peace; and secondly, because, under present conditions, the men could not be obtained. Three or four thousand men a month is about as many as we can reckon upon recruiting after all that has been done to make the service attractive. It would take years to raise our regular forces to such a strength as to render them of any real use for our defence, and if we could do it, even the wealth of England would not suffice for so tremendous a burden as it would impose.

Something no doubt may be said in favour of the American plan of disbanding, in times—and even in threatening times—of peace, almost the whole military forces of the country. But the Atlantic is broader than the Channel, and a huge continent, even when invaded, has no such vulnerable points as the ports and the capital of a tiny island. Even if these obvious distinctions were absent, the absurdity of our mode of procedure would not be less patent. The United States have deliberately adopted the policy of remaining unarmed in ordinary times and thereby saving the cost of large military establishments. This is not our policy. Our method has been, and is, to remain unarmed under much more imminent dangers, and at the same time to spend even more lavishly than the most powerful military States of Europe. The absurdity of a course which sacrifices at once the inconsistent advantages of economy and security is too obvious to require enforcement. We pay without stint. We possess the best possible raw material for armies. We lead the world in mechanical skill and resource. And yet with all our natural advantages and all our pecuniary sacrifices, what we call our army is simply laughed at—not for its quality, but for its insignificant strength—by every nation with which we have to deal. Nor is this all. Even if we had an army, as armies are reckoned now, no one ventures to say that we have the organization without which it could not be supplied with military stores, provisions, and the other appliances without which the strongest force is utterly helpless.

We do not imagine that any one will question the accuracy of our assertions. It would be absurd to do so. And yet what is the inference? There is but one thing which could neutralize the enormous advantages conferred by the possession of almost unlimited funds, together with the best possible materials for the construction of an overwhelming force. That one thing is administrative incapacity. Men in authority potter about the petty distinctions between the guns of Great Britain and those of other States. We have colonies to take care of, and very little effort we devote to the purpose. We have India to hold, but India pays for her own troops. We have a strange custom of purchase devised for the promotion of wealth and the repression of ability. And these things and the like are seriously urged by helpless officials as a justification for producing a defensive force scarcely a tenth part as strong as a smaller expenditure secures for our neighbours.

One thing is certain. Let it cost what it may, and be it done in clumsy or skilful fashion, as it may happen, it is absolutely essential that the military strength of this country should be largely—very largely—augmented, unless we are prepared to submit to Continental insults, to give up all we have won by stubborn and costly contests, and quietly to retire into the modest position of a second-rate Power like Holland. But though scarcely any expenditure within our means would be too great if it were needed for such a purpose, we are satisfied that nothing but imbecility in those who govern us can render any very considerable outlay requisite. The country may be made as strong as other countries at a not very disproportionate cost, and this not by a slavish imitation of foreign precedents, but by building on our own foundations in the same spirit in which they have built on theirs. But we are sadly reminded that to do this implies qualities which have not been displayed by Mr. CARDWELL, and it is not yet officially announced that he retires from the Ministry of War.

RUSSIA AND THE CONFERENCE.

IF the non-appearance of a representative of France, or any other cause, should produce an adjournment of the Russian Conference, there would be little cause to regret the delay. It is possible that in the next Session Parliament may display a spirit which will check foreign encroachments on English patience. At present the Russian Government will infer from General GRANT's offensive Message to Congress, and perhaps from confidential communications, that England is too much embarrassed by American hostility to interfere effectually with Russian aggression in the East. More direct methods are employed to paralyse the resistance of Austria. A large number of Bohemian Deputies have been induced to address the Imperial Government on behalf of the Russian pretensions in language which Count BEUST justly describes as treasonable. A new insurrection is apprehended in Dalmatia; and it is said that Russian intrigue is busy in Montenegro. As might have been expected, agitators are stirring up disaffection in the various provinces of Turkey; and the latest Greek Ministry which has succeeded to office belongs to the

party which was concerned in the Cretan insurrection. It is difficult to judge whether Prince CHARLES of Roumania has been influenced by Russia, or prompted by his own ambition, to seize the opportunity of complicating the Eastern question by an affected impatience of his position. The only injury which the Roumanians have suffered from the Turks consists in the hospitality which has been sometimes afforded to Jewish fugitives who may have escaped from massacre and plunder at the hands of the pious and civilized Christians of Wallachia. The tribute which is still paid to the Porte can scarcely be felt by the Principalities; and it seems strange that the ruler of a petty State should wish to exchange practical independence for the oppressive patronage of Russia. Prince CHARLES may perhaps have been induced by threats and promises to offer a right of way to the invading Russian armies. He must be of a sanguine disposition if he believes that his strip of territory would at any future time be allowed to intervene between two parts of the Russian Empire. The only chance for the continued existence of the Principality is to be found in the alliance of Austria and in the future protection of Germany, which will not readily cede to Russia the mouths of the Danube; but the aspirations of a prince, especially when he is a newcomer and a stranger, are not always identical with the interests of his subjects. The significant occasion which he has taken to prefer his demands raises a suspicion of a secret understanding with Russia; but it is not yet certain whether he has had the temerity actually to proclaim his independence. In Servia, notwithstanding the cessation of all Turkish interference with the province, there is a Russian faction. In general it may be said that all the symptoms which have in former times indicated the approach of a Russian war concur to excite the reasonable apprehension of Turkey. Offence or provocation on the side of the weaker party has never been regarded as a necessary condition of Russian usurpation. It is impossible that a more frivolous pretext for aggression than the squabble about the Holy Places can be devised by Russian ingenuity.

There is reason to believe that the fleet which Prince GORTCHAKOFF claims the right of building in the Black Sea has already attained considerable dimensions. It is stated that a large number of gunboats and floating batteries have been collected at Nicolaieff, in anticipation of the formal denunciation of the treaty; and if the report is well founded, there can be no doubt that the dockyards and arsenals of the port will have been protected by sufficient defences. In fine weather, small vessels carrying heavy guns would be well adapted for the protection of a fleet of transports or for operations in the narrow seas. The same class of vessels would also effectually defend the Russian coasts and harbours against the possible attacks which Prince GORTCHAKOFF professes to apprehend from the Turkish fleet. On land and at sea there appears to be abundant evidence of the existence of designs which were easily to be inferred from the publication of the Russian Circular. Only the most credulous politicians believed the courteous and conventional assumption of Lord GRANVILLE's second despatch, that Prince GORTCHAKOFF had simply enounced an abstract proposition which might or might not hereafter be embodied in practice. The depression of France, the unwarlike attitude of England, the anticipated complicity of the United States, and the internal dissensions of Austria, collectively suggested or encouraged the project of making a new effort against the tranquillity and independence of Turkey. Russian politicians must have smiled at the eager credulity of English apologists who defended the renunciation of a clause in a treaty which was supposed to be injurious to Russian dignity. It is true that some of them also went out of their way to explain that it would be more profitable for England to share in the partition of Turkey than to oppose it by force; but ALEXANDER II. has not hitherto repeated his father's offer of a share in the spoils.

As all the material and political facts of the case are undoubtedly known to the English Government, which has nevertheless neither summoned Parliament to meet nor made any military preparations, there is evidently no intention of going to war. A million spent in armaments in the autumn of 1853 and the spring of 1854, though it might have deranged the calculations of one of Mr. GLADSTONE's most elaborate Budgets, would have repaid itself a hundredfold within two or three ensuing years. It would at present be unjust to accuse the Ministers of repeating the same shortsighted economy. Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE must be assumed to have satisfied themselves on sufficient grounds that war is either unnecessary or impracticable. It would be highly culpable to be surprised by any result of a Conference

which was proposed by a supposed ally of Russia, and which was not eagerly accepted by the English Government. The intentions of the Russian Government, though they may not have been fully disclosed, are up to a certain point clearly explained in Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circulars. It is idle to rely on the reserves with which England and Austria have consented to attend the Conference. If either Power had resolved to insist on the maintenance of the Treaty of 1856, the obvious course would have been to decline any negotiation as to the mode of escaping from its obligations. The contemptuous tone of the official Russian journals, though it may possibly be indiscreet, represents with accuracy the preliminary triumph of Prince GORTCHAKOFF's policy. Those of them which are less arrogant and discourteous than the rest profess entire willingness to satisfy English susceptibility in matters of form, but they declare that the decision of the Russian Government announced in the Circular has been definitively and irrevocably formed. Any doubt which might have been entertained of the correctness of their assertions would have been dissipated by the accumulated proofs that the Russian Government had been preparing for a rupture by its overtures to the United States, and by its verbal and practical menaces to Austria. The defiance might perhaps have been retracted if England had been able and willing to accept it without hesitation. The consent of the parties to the treaty to reconsider its provisions waives the original offence, although those who were aggrieved by the threat might still consistently oppose actual aggression. The policy of England may perhaps have been legitimately influenced by the result of communications with the States which were directly menaced by Russia. If Austria and Turkey think active resistance rash or premature, it would be difficult or impossible for England to maintain the treaty alone. Both allies may still be counted upon to offer strenuous resistance to Russian invasion.

Although it is too late to maintain the treaty in its integrity, the parties to the Treaty of 1856 and to the Tripartite Convention are fully at liberty to propose a peremptory alternative. Prince GORTCHAKOFF has proved that it is useless to rely on Russia for the discharge of a solemn obligation which is found to be onerous, or, in more sounding phrase, derogatory to the dignity of the Empire. It therefore becomes necessary to substitute material precautions for an undertaking only secured by national honour. If the rumoured flotilla has really been built at Nicolaieff, an additional commentary is furnished on the good faith of Russia, and there is a still more urgent reason for counteracting the Russian preparations against Turkey. With a natural confidence in the strength of the Russian fleet, Prince GORTCHAKOFF ostentatiously released the SULTAN from the covenants which prohibit Turkish ships of war from violating the neutrality of the Black Sea. Perhaps he may have thought that a second Sinope would contribute powerfully to the solution of the Eastern question; and his readiness to risk a maritime duel with Turkey strengthens the suspicion that the Russian navy is not altogether imaginary and prospective. It may be hoped that the Plenipotentiaries at the Conference will declare that the Black Sea, if it is no longer to remain neutral, shall be open, either absolutely or at the discretion of the Porte, to the ships of war of all nations. An English fleet will, in case of need, be less illusory than a clause in a treaty with Russia, and its commander will supply his Government with the earliest and most authentic notice of suspicious preparations. According to one among many doubtful, and more or less probable, reports, it is said that the Porte has already proposed that the admission of foreign ships of war into the Black Sea should depend on its own permission; but a restriction alternately enforced and withdrawn would be likely to cause irritation, and it must also be considered that it is for their own security, and not altogether for the benefit of Turkey, that other Powers watch with vigilance the proceedings of Russia. It is certain that the Russians themselves will not be contented with the maintenance in the Black Sea of a fleet which is not allowed to pass the Dardanelles; and perhaps it is expedient that their naval armaments should not be obviously and exclusively organized for war against Turkey. If Russian ships pass out of the Black Sea, no plausible reason can be suggested why English ships should not pass in. Whether the Russians might not have preferred the neutrality of the sea is another question.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

SCARCELY a single day now passes without a railway accident. In some respects the accident near Hatfield seems the most alarming we have had for some time, as the officials

of the Great Northern Railway proved that an accident by which eight persons lost their lives had been due to no neglect against which ordinary prudence or caution could guard. The tire of one of the wheels of a break-van suddenly split into fragments. The axle gave way, and the van and the carriages behind went off the line, the engine and tender getting uncoupled, and being able to proceed without injury to Hatfield for assistance. It is due to every one concerned to say that everything was immediately done that ought to have been done. The trains up and down were stopped with the greatest promptitude and success. Medical and other aid was despatched from Hatfield, and in the shortest possible time the chief officials resident in London were on the spot, while the whole population of the neighbourhood, from the highest to the lowest, were zealous and devoted in their efforts to afford every possible relief to the unfortunate sufferers. No one appeared in any way open to blame. The tire that thus gave way was of the very best quality, and nearly new. It was made on the best known pattern, and came from the workshops of one of the first firms in the country. Moreover, it had been duly examined before the train started. In one way the Company will have its reward, as there appears to have been no legal negligence, and if this is established there can be no claims for compensation. Railway Companies are most properly made to pay when their servants have caused accidents by negligence, but when they have taken all proper precautions they are no more bound to contribute to the relief of the sufferers by an accident than any other portion of the public can be held to be. The train was, it is true, going about thirty-five miles an hour; and now that we know the sad result, we may conjecture that in very frosty weather the pace may have had something to do with the breaking of metal rendered brittle by the frost. But that a tire should break under the circumstances is quite out of the ordinary experience of railways. It was only one tire out of the many tires on one train out of the innumerable trains that have been running as fast on different lines during the past week. In fact, if we reason calmly on the subject, we may find much more cause to be comforted than to be terrified by the Hatfield accident. Every form of locomotion has some risks, and there is undoubtedly some risk of an accident even when every precaution is taken on a line so admirably managed as the Great Northern. But if all accidents were of this class the risk of railway travelling would be infinitesimally small. It is more dangerous to walk from Paddington to the City, with snow on the footway, than to travel by an express train from London to Edinburgh on a line where every possible precaution is taken. We need not really trouble ourselves about accidents such as that near Hatfield. If they cannot be avoided, there is no use discussing what is to be done to avoid them. Legal issues do not arise, and so the much-debated question whether the present system of compensations is or is not a fair one finds no place on such an occasion. Railway travellers must take, and are content to take, the risk of a tire properly made and perfectly inspected suddenly giving way, just as in India railway travellers are obliged to take the risk of a bridge being swept away by the almost instantaneous rising of a torrent.

It is the accidents that might have been avoided that are the just causes of alarm, for they are becoming every day more frequent. Nor is it only the accidents big enough and fatal enough to attract great attention that may reasonably inspire apprehension. It is the frequency of small accidents that shows how dangerous railway travelling has become. Every day we may read in the corner of a paper that on some line or other there has been a slight collision, due in almost every instance to one train getting in the way of another. Perhaps the consequence has only been that a few passengers have received what are pleasantly called "shocks to their nervous systems," but they have been within an ace of death. The accident at the King's Cross Station of the Metropolitan Railway on Saturday last, although it only caused a few of these shocks, was, we think, more alarming than the accident near Hatfield. Just as a train was leaving King's Cross for Farringdon Street, it was run into from behind by a train that had come up from Gower Street. The Metropolitan Railway is worked strictly on the block system; and if the block system cannot prevent one train from catching up another and running into it, travellers are certainly in great danger on a railway where the trains for hour after hour follow each other at intervals of two or three minutes. The service of the Metropolitan Railway is so well organized that one single exception need not perhaps inspire much alarm, and we may go further and say that, whatever we may do, the best system possible will some-

times break down. Porters and signalmen and pointsmen, however carefully they are chosen, and however well they may be paid, and however duly limited may be their hours of work, will sometimes make mistakes. Human beings are not, it is said, like machinery; but even if they were like machinery, the best-made tire will, as has just been seen, sometimes unexpectedly split. Travellers must take both risks—the risk of the best servants sometimes making a mistake, and the risk of the best machinery sometimes breaking down. All that can be done is to keep the Railway Companies continually on the alert to minimize the risk within the narrowest possible limits; and there can be no doubt that the system of imposing fines on the Companies in the name of compensations has practically a great effect in this direction. It is, it must be confessed, a very rude system of justice. It confuses the minds of juries, who are delighted with the notion of being installed as avengers of the public. It sanctions the belief, far too prevalent in England, that there is no harm in taking an unfair advantage of Government, of Companies, and of all bodies possessing a revenue beyond the scale of private individuals; and it certainly has created a most lamentable tendency to commit deliberate frauds and set up sham claims. But in a country where there is no Government supervision of railways, there is no one to protect the public unless it is the shareholders, and they can only be induced to trouble themselves with the details of administration when their pockets are touched. The heavy fines occasionally imposed on railways, although theoretically quite indefensible, for the law does not contemplate their imposition, make shareholders anxious, and the anxiety of shareholders makes directors anxious, and the anxiety of directors keeps the servants of the Company on the alert. The public cling to this as their sole protection, though it may be an unreasonable and barely legal one; and the real task which the Railway Companies have to fulfil when they ask to have the law of compensation made to work more justly, is to show how they propose to give the public an equivalent for the slight guarantee afforded by the very faulty system they attack.

Much discussion has been going on as to every possible means of preventing accidents, and especially accidents of that very numerous class which is due to the railways being over-worked. We fear that the suggestion in itself the most efficacious, for regulating the traffic on the leading lines by having four lines laid down instead of two, so that the goods traffic and the passenger traffic might be kept distinct, is impracticable. The shareholders could not be expected to face the expense. On many lines it would reduce the value of the shares by nearly one-half. The cost of altering bridges and tunnels and stations and viaducts would be enormous, and to this must be added the expense of laying and keeping in repair the great extra amount of permanent way. Most of the great lines are competitive, and a railway that did not double its lines would have a great advantage as a commercial speculation over a line that did. It must be remembered that on this plan the value of the passenger rails would be almost entirely lost at night, while at present the rails that carry passengers by day carry goods at night. Where four lines would pay, as they would for the suburban traffic of main lines, they are sure to be put down in time, and a beginning has already been made. But four lines of rail throughout a great system would now be an enormous loss to a Company. We should be surprised to hear that the North-Western could do it for less than six millions sterling. A much more feasible proposal is to run fewer express trains. The public, it is said, do not fill the express trains, which is quite true, and they do not want to go so fast, which is doubtful. If the North-Western and the Great Northern both ran a train at the same hour and the same price to Manchester, and the Euston train ran forty miles an hour and the King's Cross twenty-five, how many travellers would pass Euston, and go on to get slowness and safety at King's Cross? We believe that the traffic-manager of the Great Northern would be able to count them on his fingers. Thus we are brought to the conclusion that the English public will have its fast and frequent railway travelling, even at the risk of the accidents that may probably attend it. If one railway will not give the accommodation, another will; and thus it is competition, and the deliberate choice of the travelling public, much more than the bad management of Railway Companies, that is the cause of that large number of accidents which, if Englishmen would be content to travel less frequently and less rapidly, might no doubt be avoided.

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF ENGLAND.

WHILE the United Kingdom is tranquil and fairly prosperous, it is impossible to regard foreign affairs with satisfaction or confidence; yet it cannot be said that the English Government has to reproach itself with any fault towards its neighbours, either of substance or form. Lord GRANVILLE has, during a few months of office, established a high character for the courtesy, judgment, and firmness which are the proper qualities of a Foreign Minister, and an English diplomatist has always the great advantage of representing a policy which is in the highest degree simple and sincere. To observe treaties, and to secure as far as possible the observance of treaties by others, to follow the established rules of international law, and if possible to cultivate friendly relations with all other States, are in practice as well as in theory the maxims by which successive English Governments have long been guided. The enunciation of the plain rules of public morality as the principles of English conduct might seem pharisaical if any doubt existed as to the truth of the statement. It is unfortunately too true that England is not popular abroad, but if the common charges which are brought against English policy are examined, they will often resolve themselves into an admission of the claims which are justly preferred to the esteem and confidence of foreign nations. Indisposition to meddle is called selfish isolation; love of peace is imputed to cowardice and absence of noble ambition; and strict neutrality is invariably denounced by belligerents as injurious and unfriendly to one or both. The violence of the abuse to which England is habitually subjected is in a great measure produced by the knowledge that it may be uttered with impunity. No Englishman would think of resenting by war the calumnies against his country which are constantly circulating in France, in Germany, and above all in the United States. A more quarrelsome community would be treated with comparative deference; and the existence of a large English army ready for foreign service would impose respectful silence. It has seldom been the good fortune of the English nation to satisfy the taste of foreigners; but satire and vituperation have been least troublesome at the end of successful wars. There was even a time when French writers of fiction habitually selected Englishmen for their heroes, because CHATHAM had impressed the Continent with the greatness of the national character.

It is only with Russia or America that there is any serious danger of collision, and the statement that General SCHENCK is instructed to press the *Alabama* claims will cause reasonable anxiety. It is no discredit to England to admit that the armies of the United States could probably conquer Canada, while no portion of American territory is vulnerable to an invading force. The small section of English politicians which would have justified American complaints by assisting the Confederate States to achieve their independence have plausible grounds for regretting the loss of an irrecoverable opportunity of weakening an enemy who steadily refuses to be conciliated; yet there can be little doubt that the strict neutrality of England was on the whole as politic as it was just. The war with England which would inevitably have ensued on the recognition of the Confederacy would have probably turned the balance in favour of the South by raising the blockade, and supplying the Confederate armies, in exchange for cotton, with all the stores of which they were in want, and by employing the Northern forces against a new adversary; but the diversion would have been effected at the expense of Canada, which would almost certainly have been overrun by the Federal troops. Even if a peace had been concluded on the basis of Southern independence, the United States would have been compelled to maintain a standing army, which would sooner or later have been employed in the invasion of the English provinces. The best security against any sudden and wanton rupture is the insignificance, during peace, of the military and naval establishments of the United States. The Government and the nation are necessarily aware that a war is there, even more than elsewhere, an exceptional undertaking, and that men, money, and material must be expressly provided for the purpose. General GRANT's Message, and Mr. FISH's despatch of last year, would have been regarded as almost equivalent to declarations of war if they had proceeded from a Government disposing of armaments on the scale customary in Continental Europe. It is only from the discussions on the proposals for reducing the existing army, and from the plans for paying off or reducing the national debt, that foreigners can satisfy themselves that the policy of the United States is for the moment pacific. Nevertheless the English Government will have a difficult task in dealing with General SCHENCK's demands, if the nature

of his instructions is correctly indicated by the PRESIDENT'S Message. It would be almost useless to settle the *Alabama* claims if the other grievances enumerated by the PRESIDENT are still to be kept in reserve.

There is little reason to hope for the establishment of friendly relations with Russia, even if the Conference succeeds in smoothing over or adjourning the dangerous issues which were raised by Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular. The policy of England in the East is essentially opposed to that of Russia, and the journalists of Petersburg and Moscow seem inclined to exaggerate the unavoidable antagonism. For the same reason England and Austria are natural allies; and it may perhaps hereafter be found that the new German Empire will also consider itself a guardian of the independence of the countries which border on the Danube and the Black Sea. The dislike of England which is for the moment felt by both the belligerents will probably not long survive the war. It seems that the Parisians have only recently discovered that the proposal of an armistice originated with England, and not with Russia. The almost universal sympathy of Englishmen with the German cause at the beginning of the war will fortunately not be offensive to popular feeling in France; for all parties in that country have agreed to throw the whole responsibility on the EMPEROR, and they concur in the censure which was provoked by a wanton rupture. Although neutral bystanders could not be expected so far to deny the unity of the French nation as wholly to dissociate the Provisional Republic from the Empire, it is certain that English feeling has in the later months of the war become much more favourable to France, though not more hostile to Germany. It is difficult to define the point at which a just war loses its original character, but the marvellous successes of Sedan and Metz formed a kind of turning-point in the campaign. It is impossible to deny that the worst of wrongdoers is justified in defending himself against excessive retaliation. Those who have most earnestly advised the French to yield to adverse fortune would still allow that the only reason for submitting would be the impossibility of obtaining better terms by resistance. If any neutral Power is allowed a share in adjusting the terms of peace, the influence of England will be exerted to obtain the best possible terms for France. The principal use of arbitration or good offices in national quarrels is to spare the susceptibility of one or both of the disputants. It is not impossible that Germany may hereafter welcome an intervention which affords an excuse for waiving some of the harsher conditions of peace.

With the secondary and smaller States the English Government has no dispute, except that Greece has made no reparation whatever for the atrocious outrage perpetrated in the spring. The present Ministers at Athens have in former times inclined to the turbulent policy which has, for good reasons, been constantly disconcerted by England; and the recent report that an English gentleman had been charged with complicity in the murders committed by the brigands raises a grave suspicion as to the competence and good faith of those who conduct the inquiry. Spain and Italy have every reason to rely on the goodwill of a country which only desires that they should be prosperous. Although any other Government or dynasty would have been willingly recognised, the newly elected King of SPAIN belongs to a family which has for many years been regarded by Englishmen with special goodwill. While the liberation of Italy was in progress, no other foreign question distracted the attention of England; and the final establishment of the existing kingdom was regarded with universal satisfaction. The annexation of Rome fortunately imposed on the English Government no duty of interference or remonstrance. When Austria and Spain passively acquiesced in the abolition of the Temporal Power, it would have been impossible and absurd for England to undertake the defence of the POPE. Mr. GLADSTONE went at least as far as his position allowed in announcing that England took an interest in the personal independence of the head of the Roman Catholic Church. The zealous Protestants who took alarm at his letter might have been reassured by the conventional phrases which proved that he thought the maintenance of the sovereignty of Rome not indispensable to the welfare of the Holy See. If Mr. GLADSTONE cultivates ecclesiastical sympathies, he has always been an enthusiast in the cause of Italy. It is possible that in course of time foreign nations may appreciate the policy of England, but in the next year Lord GRANVILLE is not likely to enjoy a sinecure. America and Russia, France and Germany, will abundantly test his prudence, and probably his vigour.

PARIS AND THE PROVINCES.

THE prophecies which have from time to time been hazarded as to the conduct of the Parisians during the siege seem destined to be falsified one by one. First of all, it was said they would capitulate as soon as the Germans had fairly sat down before the city. Next, we heard that the first approach of real scarcity would be too much for their endurance. Then the expected surrender was fixed for the moment when they came to understand that no immediate help was to be looked for from the provinces. And alongside of all these predictions there has been the constant assertion that Parisians would "soon be cutting one another's 'throats,'" and that the gates would inevitably be opened by the respectable citizens in their preference for a Prussian occupation over a Red Republic. The city has been invested, scarcity has become universal, the defeat on the Loire has, if anything, been exaggerated in the course of its transmission to Paris; but the consequence which was to follow upon each and all of these events seems still as remote as ever. Paris has not surrendered, and those who thought they knew the Parisian nature best now own themselves utterly at a loss to say under what circumstances it may be expected to surrender. Actual starvation is still a long way off, and the cheerful resignation of the inhabitants seems to be unaffected by all the privations which herald its gradual approach. The transition from beef to horse, from mutton to dog, has had no effect on their resolution. The gradual lessening of the meat rations has only led to warmer self-congratulations that the supply of flour is inexhaustible. The symptoms of disaffection which showed themselves in the early days of the siege have altogether disappeared. The opportunities which it was thought the occupation of large bodies of troops outside the walls might give to the extreme Republicans have been suffered to go unimproved. If the Parisians were simply bent on disproving every expectation that has been formed respecting them, they could not act with a better adaptation of means to ends.

It is easy to ridicule the self-sufficiency which is often mixed up with all this persistent endurance. Frenchmen are less reticent about themselves, perhaps, than Englishmen, and some of their talk about the "attitude of Paris" may consequently seem absurd, and out of season. But when we put aside these accompaniments of resistance and look steadily at the resistance itself, it must honestly be admitted that, if it is not heroic, it is very near akin to it. That the conduct of the workmen deserves this epithet is admitted by some who are inclined to deny its application to the middle and upper classes. The workmen form, it may be supposed, the bulk of General TROCHU's troops, and the active and passive courage which many of them have displayed, both in the last and in the former sorties, is affirmed on the best of all testimony—that of the Correspondents of the English newspapers in the German camp. The writer of the letter from the headquarters of the Crown Prince of SAXONY, in the *Daily News* of Thursday, can only protest his admiration and respect for the men whom he sees before him, lying on the ground, badly clad and in a bitter frost, for three or four nights together, standing all day with their faces to the enemy, and doing this "it may be on scanty rations, and without the 'spur and the backbone which the prestige of conquest gives.'" But even the despised bourgeoisie deserve more credit than their English critics are always disposed to give them. Upon them, more than upon any other class, the real hardships of the siege have fallen. The poor have not been accustomed to live any better than they do now. They have money wherever to buy bread and wine, and their daily ration of meat is large enough to give them as good a Sunday dinner as they have commonly had. They are secured against starvation by the care of the Government, and in this respect their anxieties are fewer than in an ordinary winter. The rich feel privation as keenly as the bourgeoisie, but their command of money has hitherto enabled them to temper it in many ways. Until very lately, at all events, a fair dinner was to be had in Paris by all who chose to pay for it; and though the negative inconveniences of the siege are not so easily evaded, they bear less hardly on educated men than on those whose amusements have always been found beyond their own doors. The Paris shopkeepers fall between these two extremes. They have not the habits which make hard living a matter of course, or the money which makes good living not quite unattainable. Many of them must already have been brought to great poverty. Business must be almost at an end, for in a besieged capital there can be no demand for the innumerable luxuries which formed the staple of retail trade in Paris. Their investments can be returning

them no dividends, for those derived from undertakings inside Paris must suffer from the general cessation of business, while those derived from undertakings outside Paris are not to be got at during the siege. No doubt the Government do all they can to help the bankers, and the bankers may be more liberal than usual in helping their customers; but, after every allowance has been made for the aid derived from these sources, absolute want of money for daily living must be very largely felt by the middle class. Now in Paris this class is both numerous and influential, and yet no hint of surrender is heard from it. It may suit Englishmen who, like the "Be-sieged Resident" in the *Daily News*, have stayed on in Paris in the hope of finding a new excitement, and are now angry at being kept there after the excitement has lost its zest, to sneer at the National Guard; but the mere fact that the classes from which the National Guard is recruited accept with cheerfulness the prolongation of resistance down to the last possible moment is one which would have been thought incredible three months ago. Heroism has its degrees; and it is not reasonable to require the same manifestations of it from the noble, the soldier, the shopkeeper, and the artisan. The point to be noticed is that no section of the population of Paris has failed in its duty; strong men have held out strongly, and weak men have held out weakly, but according to their several characters each and all have held out.

Some of the newspaper Correspondents seem inclined to lay too much stress on the alleged unwillingness of the French peasantry to go on fighting. So long as new soldiers are to be had in the required numbers, and from no part of France do we hear any complaints of a falling off in recruits, the occasional instances of a strong desire for peace which are observed by passing travellers are not of much practical moment. Even if it were much more generally felt than it appears to be, it would hardly constitute a real weakness in the national defence. Where the State is concerned the French peasant has not been accustomed to make his wishes the measure of his actions. The conscription was unpopular in the days when it furnished the largest contingents to the French army. Young and old alike hated it, and alike submitted to it. The habits of obedience which generations of bureaucracy have implanted in the French peasantry will be as serviceable to the Third Republic as to the First or Second Empire. The real troubles in the rural districts of France will probably not begin until the war is over. Still the seeds of future mischief are already being sown. The determination of some members of the Provisional Government to forget that they are in power for a special purpose, and have no legitimate existence apart from that purpose, seems to show itself more clearly. Hitherto their wish to fight for the Republic has not been suffered to interfere with the primary duty of fighting for France, and there is ground for hoping that the real patriotism of M. GAMBETTA and his colleagues will still lead them to keep the two objects separate. But they are certainly more and more mixed up in the proclamations of the Government, and in the demands of those extreme Republicans with whose support the Government can scarcely afford to dispense. There have of late been ominous hints as to the necessity of purging the Republican armies of all who are not good Republicans, with the view of making the war a struggle for the establishment of a given political ideal rather than for the deliverance of France from the German invader. Nothing would be so likely to paralyse the recuperative energy of the country or to defeat the hopes even of the Republicans themselves.

THE DECENTRALIZATION OF INDIAN FINANCE.

THE telegraphic announcement from India of a change in the mode of administering the Indian finances has very considerable importance. The remedy which has been most confidently recommended as sovereign against chronic deficits and a declining revenue is the "decentralization of finance"; and, though the exact figures brought by the telegraph may be inaccurate, it appears certain that a serious experiment in this direction has at last been tried by Lord MAYO's Government.

Mr. BRIGHT's ideas on the subject of India have been greatly overpraised, and have been recently eulogized to the point of absurdity by the editor of his Speeches. Mr. BRIGHT, however, deserves the credit of having been one of the few English public men, not directly entrusted with Indian affairs, who have realized the vastness of the British Indian Empire, the miscellaneous character of its population, and the impossibility of governing it on any one system or uniform set

of principles. The weak side of his theories was that they were not brought home to his own mind with sufficient distinctness to prevent his constantly employing expressions inconsistent with them—such as his favourite phrase, "the "people of India"—and that they were framed without reference to changes in the nature of Indian government which had already proceeded a long way, and were on the verge of being carried still further. The reader of Colonel George CHESNEY's valuable book on *Indian Polity* will now have no difficulty in discovering that the Indian Empire is at this moment divided into at least eight different provinces, each under a chief who (whatever be his title) is a Governor with a great amount of independence, each with a separate administrative and executive staff, and each with a distinct set of Courts of Justice. Three of these provinces have indeed Legislatures of their own. As a rule, the centralization of Indian government consists merely in the subordination of all these provincial administrations to the general control of the Viceroy and Governor-General, who, with his advisers, is responsible to the Secretary of State. There are, in fact, departments of Government not centralized in India which in any other country would be the first placed under central direction. There is not one, but three distinct armies in India; and the curious reader of Indian official documents may discover the rudiments of one or two petty military bodies besides which stand on a footing of their own.

But to this general decentralization there has hitherto been one important exception. The finances of India, with exceptions so insignificant as not to require notice, have been controlled exclusively by the Supreme Government. The whole of a revenue which now ranks among the very largest in the world is carried to the credit of the Central Government of India, and disbursed to the provincial authorities in such proportions as it may determine, and under such rules as it may prescribe. The branch of the Indian Civil Service which has the finances for its special department is attached, not to the Government of the province in which its members may be on duty, but to the Government of the Governor-General, wherever he may be. When the period of the annual Budget approaches, each Provincial Government sends up a statement of its prospective requirements for the coming year, and the Central Government allots to each a share of the expected revenue, according to the state of its own resources and the exigency of the provincial demand. And, in that great department of Indian expenditure which is concerned with the construction of Public Works, the detailed plan of the road, bridge, or building to be constructed at State expense must be so far submitted to the Central Government as to admit of its being scrutinized and criticized from the financial point of view. Such a system bears on its face the stamp of its origin. It was, of course, devised to secure economy. Yet the reproach which of late years has been most frequently brought against it is that it is wasteful. The Provincial Government collects the revenue, but it does not spend what it collects. There is no necessary or tangible relation between the money which it pays to the credit of the Supreme Government and the money which it obtains for expenditure on its own objects. Thus it is alleged that the motives to economy are doubly diminished, and the springs of thrift doubly weakened. The Provincial Government derives no advantage, beyond the satisfaction of its sense of public duty, in collecting the largest possible revenue; while, on the other hand, it gains a palpable advantage in popularity and prestige by squeezing out of the Central Government, by every sort of importunity, the means of providing liberal administration and splendid public works.

The telegraphic intelligence of the change intended to be made purports to be founded on some unofficial communication to the Correspondent of the *Times*. It describes the new scheme as "giving to the local (*i.e.* the provincial) Governments full control over education, gaols, civil buildings, roads, and police," and as assigning permanently for these purposes from Imperial (*i.e.* central) revenues a total sum, which the telegraph has possibly misreported, but which is stated to amount to nearly five millions sterling. This sum is further mentioned as less by about 400,000*l.* than the last annual assignment for the same objects. The meaning of the proceeding is that the Supreme Government of India strikes off certain entries from both sides of its ledger. It will no longer require the Provincial Governments to account to it for a certain portion of the revenues collected by them. On the other hand, it proposes to receive no demands from these Governments in future for funds to be expended on public education, on the construction of roads or gaols, and on the maintenance of police. They will pay for these objects as

best they can out of the permanent allotment, but in case they cannot make this sufficient they are to be allowed to supplement it through the exercise of new powers of taxation. This fiscal reform will probably be thought by most persons in this country to be recommended by reasons too obvious for it to require express justification. The motives to economy appear to be at once restored. The Provincial Governments acquire an interest in collecting the largest amount of revenue, since the allotment made to them is probably so adjusted (though this is not clearly stated in the telegram) as to depend for its exact figures in some way on the aggregate of their total collections. At all events, they have the strongest interest in husbanding the permanent assignment and in its thrifty disbursement. Either it must be made to suffice, or it must be eked out by new taxes, very difficult to discover in India, very much disliked by the rulers as well as by the people, and in this case involving the provincial authorities in the unpopularity which has hitherto been a monopoly of the Central Government.

It is nevertheless true that some of the most eminent Indian public servants have regarded the experiment now to be tried with the deepest anxiety and the strongest repugnance, and it is due to them to give a brief account of their objections. The object, they say, is to make the Provincial Governments cut their coat according to their cloth. But suppose that they try to cut it and fail, or promise to cut it and don't. Such popularity and reputation as it is given to an Indian provincial Governor to acquire is mainly obtained by the magnificence or usefulness of the public works constructed during his incumbency. Let us assume then an administrator of this sort with a fancy for costly gaols on the newest European principles, or with a laudable enthusiasm for the multiplication of roads. Unless his liberty is to be a mockery, he cannot be deprived of the power of making obligatory agreements with contractors, or, if he chooses to employ his own engineers, of beginning constructions which will be useless unless they are finished on the scale on which they are begun. What then is to prevent a provincial Governor, when he is approaching the end of the quinquennial period for which all Indian office is held, from simply informing the Governor-General that he has unfortunately run his province deeply into debt, and does not see his way to any new taxation? If such miscalculations became of common occurrence, there would be only two ways of preventing the public bankruptcy of provinces as large and as populous as European States of the first order. Either the Indian Provincial Governments must be allowed to go into the English money-market as separate borrowers, to the amazement and dismay of lenders, who believe India to be a country as centralized as England; or the Governor-General must grumble, rebuke, reprove, and pay the deficit. This last result, it is contended, is the result which is far most likely to follow, so that the new system will merely come to be the old system, without its securities against extravagance. Such objections at least show that there is a competition of arguments for and against the proposed change. Happily there is in India but little of that pride of opinion or of partisanship which here hinders the confession and correction of political mistakes, and, if an innovation which has undoubtedly much to recommend it disappoints its authors, they will promptly retrace their steps.

THE WAR OF 1870.

XXIV.

RESUMING from last week our notice of Marshal BAZAINE'S Report, we find it stating simply, as the sequel of the Battle of Gravelotte (called by the Marshal, from the central village of his position, the Defence of the Amnivillers Lines), that the French army on the following morning took up its position among the detached forts round Metz, and from that day—it should rather have been said from after the preceding battle of the 16th—remained on the defensive. No word is said as to the possibilities which the Germans have noted that, instead of the retreating finally to this shelter, the Marshal should at least have attempted to debouch at once by one of his flanks, before they had time thoroughly to enclose him. On this subject we shall add little to what has been said when we first reviewed these episodes, remarking only that the Marshal points out exactly enough what was then the chief desire of his enemies, and how real were their fears of its frustration, when he says in his next sentence, "they lost not an instant in completing our investment by destroying the bridges over the Orne (a small stream which flows into the

"Moselle north of Metz) and breaking up the railroad to Thionville on the other side." In excuse for his inaction at this crisis of the fate of his army, he alleges the necessity of giving it some repose, and refilling the diminished cadres of officers. No one has ever pretended that the German losses were less than his own, and their activity, which he confesses, is a sufficient refutation of this so-called necessity.

On the 26th, just a week later, when the Germans had intrenched themselves in every direction, the first sortie was prepared. It was to be made along the right bank, and three corps were moved for the purpose; but a tempest of rain came on, and the enterprise was abandoned, although it might well have been thought by a more enterprising commander that the project would be rather favoured than otherwise by stormy weather. Then the chiefs of corps were first summoned to council, and their view on the whole was to remain on the defensive, and so, by detaining the enemy round Metz, give time for France to organize its resistance. "Unhappily," the Marshal proceeds to say, "the civil and military authorities of the fortress had neglected, while there was yet time, to make the proper arrangements for a long blockade. . . . We were, therefore, reduced to the poor supplies laid up in store at Metz, and to what could be got from the villages within our power." In other words, the resolve to hold out was taken in full view of the certainty that it could not possibly be maintained beyond a moderate time. There can be no more severe comment upon it than this simple statement, drawn from the Marshal's own words above quoted.

On the 30th advices were received from the EMPEROR, dated from Rheims, and implying that an attempt would really be made to relieve the imprisoned force. Then followed the great sortie of the 31st, the principal effort during the investment, made due eastward at first, with the view of gaining the two roads leading down the right bank on Thionville, so that that fortress might be reached without having to cross the Orne. The Marshal speaks of the advantages first won, and of these having been yielded at night to "the superior forces" brought up by the Germans. We have no other means of criticizing his statements here than the German reports, and the account of the *Manchester Guardian* Correspondent, who witnessed the fight from the French side; but from these we know very certainly that the so-called superior numbers were a mere fraction of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES's troops, that the French were not vigorously pushed, and that their reserves were not used at all. Why the effort, when made, should not have been made more vigorously, is a point which we can no more pretend to determine than to explain what BAZAINE means when, speaking of the renewal of the action on the morning of the 1st September, he says that "it was recommenced in a very dense fog which was unfavourable to us." One would have thought, if the French were really to be moved forward in a decided attempt to force their enemy's line, that they could have had no more favourable condition than one which, without involving them in the difficulties of darkness, would have saved them in their first attacks from the effects of those arms of precision which it was necessary for them to face.

From this time the defence took an entirely passive form, varied only by petty sorties (for even the movements of the 7th October were hardly more) chiefly directed to the objects of disturbing the enemy or of obtaining provisions and forage. BAZAINE by the beginning of October found his original force reduced by about 43,000 men put *hors de combat* in action, chiefly in the battles of the 14th, 16th, and 18th August; his sick were also numerous, and his rations of bread becoming short. But it seems that it was not more these circumstances than the "learning the failure of M. JULES FAVRE's mission, " and the non-convocation of a Constituent Assembly," which caused him to address to the chiefs of corps the often-quoted confidential Circular, which invited them to aid him, from their more immediate knowledge of the feelings of the troops under them, with their views of the situation. In this Circular he tells them of a last council of war to be held later, which is to give a definite solution of the fate of the army, "with the command of which His Majesty the Emperor has honoured me." If these words, which the writer himself italicizes, uttered with the knowledge he avows of what had just gone on at Paris, mean anything, they mean that he still looked on the EMPEROR as his sole lawful master, and that he did not acknowledge his responsibility to that Government of Defence of which he yet complains, with natural bitterness, that it kept on misrepresenting the condition of his forces as excellent.

The council was held on the 10th accordingly, and the result was the despatch of General BOYER to Versailles

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the resolve to hold out at any rate for honourable terms. No doubt the feelings of BAZAINE, as well as of his officers, were much influenced by the fact that they received no instructions, because none could be received, from the Provisional Government. But it is trifling with the real question to put it as a mighty fault upon the latter that, when unable to give any satisfactory details of BAZAINE's army, they should have represented its general situation as sufficiently good. Yet his bitterest accusation against them seems to be one as to this misrepresentation, though obviously it could not have hurt his interests in dealing with the Germans for terms, and it was, under the circumstances, the only thing for them to do except to keep absolute silence as to what they knew. It was natural also that they should use Colonel VALCOUE's arrival at Tours, on the 28th October, with a despatch from the Marshal, as the means of assuring France that BAZAINE was still acting in correspondence with their views, rather than let it be known how near the end at Metz seemed to be. They did themselves little good perhaps by the falsification of which he complains, but they certainly did him no harm.

The rest of the story of the capitulation is worn threadbare, and we need not return to it here. There is not one word in the Marshal's narrative that reveals a touch of heroism, or of any resolution more than commonplace. Among the chiefs of corps not one is reported to have advocated the desperate tentative of breaking out at all risks for the mere purpose of preserving her soldiers to France. At the decisive Council General COFFINIÈRES did indeed bring up the question of "trying the fortune of arms" once more before entering into final negotiations. This proposal was rejected by the majority, true to those traditions of councils of war of which the Archduke CHARLES was the first to explain the growth and force; and the whole of those present then passed a resolution which seems to us in its very terms to form their own condemnation and that of the Marshal who threw his own responsibility upon them. We quote it in full, as the most important part of the pamphlet:—"It is agreed on and resolved that, in case the enemy should insist on conditions 'incompatible with our honour and the sentiments of military duty, we will attempt to force a passage through, arms in hand.'

We here leave the Marshal and his defence. Those who look in the letter for any explanation of the mysterious visit of General BOYER to Chislehurst, or of the passage out of Metz and mysterious proceedings of General BOURBAKI, will look in vain. The work is eminently official, dry, and unsatisfactory as regards its immediate purpose, or its future use in history.

Turning to review more recent events, we are confirmed in the opinion expressed last week that General FAIDHERRE's movements with the Army of the North were in some way connected with the notion of a direct relief of Paris. His threatening Amiens, which we then noticed, was apparently intended not so much to draw MANTEUFFEL back from Rouen as to bring troops away from that side of the investing circle to the support of the First Army. The latter, however, was speedily got together, or at least so much of GOEBEN's Eighth Corps and the cavalry as proved sufficient for the task of encountering the French, vaguely reported at 60,000 strong, but more probably just over 40,000. A general action was fought on the 23rd, a few miles west of Amiens, and though it was not immediately of a decisive character—for the French not only gave their adversary no trophies, but held their position all the next day—they have since retired to the North-east, beyond Arras, and GOEBEN is heard of as following them up, having begun his movement after them only on Christmas Day, when their retreat was well advanced.

At Paris the French made bold sorties on the 21st both north and east, as though aware of FAIDHERRE's approach, but the outposts gained on the former side were retaken before dark, and other more important ones on the north side of the Marne which they captured that morning, they suffered to be surprised and recovered with ease by the Saxons after sunset. Yet they had been lodged for some hours, when they thus lost the Maison Blanche by their carelessness, full six miles from the eastern end of the inner enceinte, and nearly halfway to Lagny, the railroad dépôt of the great line of Prussian supply. This temporary success has stimulated the investors to hem them in closer on that side at any rate; and on the 27th the bombardment of the entrenched work on Mont Avron, a hill well outside Fort Rosny, the easternmost of the permanent fortifications, and a mile and a-half inside the Maison Blanche, had been fairly begun. Looking on Mont Avron, which was soon abandoned, and occupied by them on the 29th, as part of the defences of Paris, it is not too much to say

in general terms that the active siege of the capital has been really commenced.

In the South-west CHANZY has met his reinforcements and re-organized his army at Le Mans undisturbed, Prince FREDERIC CHARLES having gathered in the bulk of his forces about Orleans. For he has to watch not only the stout-hearted opponent who lately grappled so boldly with his right wing, but to look vigilantly eastward after BOURBAKI. The latter is now known to have rallied the Fifteenth, Eighteenth, and Twentieth Corps (the Nineteenth is still missed from all detailed accounts) at Bourges, and to be preparing for some new enterprise when he can get his troops, more demoralized by their bloodless retreat than CHANZY's by their hard fighting, into something like heart and order. Whether he is really, as more than one report alleges, to move through Central France on the German communications, it is not possible as yet to affirm certainly.

In the East WERDER has still been hemmed in at every point beyond his outposts by CREMER's force and the Garibaldian levies; and finally, either because hearing of an advance against him by BOURBAKI, or because his isolated position at Dijon has grown untenable, he has withdrawn, according to our latest reports, from that city, and gone off to the North-east. The siege of Belfort goes on steadily; but the resistance offered appears to be more tenacious than usual, and is favoured by the natural character of the fortress. On the Meuse the division of KAMEKE and its siege train prepares to add Mézières to its list of triumphs, and to advance still deeper into the heart of France the chain of fortresses which covers the German communications on the side of Luxemburg and Belgium.

THE YEAR.

TO-DAY brings to a close the most memorable year that the world has seen since the close of the great Napoleonic struggle. Events have crowded in so fast, and those events have been so startling, that it is scarcely possible to believe that this year, ending with Germans encamped outside Paris, the Emperor in prison, and a Conference on the point of assembling to determine how far the aggression of Russia can be controlled, is the same year which began with the petty history of the Ollivier Ministry and the ardent discussion of the Irish Land Bill. The whole world has changed. France down-trodden; Germany and its Emperor flushed with conquest; Russia ready to occupy the Black Sea with a fleet which she has secretly prepared; the United States divided between commercial panic and a thirst for war, which is inflamed, and with cynical frankness acknowledged to be inflamed, by party leaders for party purposes—this is the prospect England sees outside her; while at home she is watching with eagerness and apprehension the policy of a Ministry which, framed expressly for peace, retrenchment, and domestic progress, is compelled to stake its existence on its skill in answering the national demand for a thorough recast of our military organization.

The year has been divided almost exactly into two equal halves—the half of peace and the half of war. To the first half belong the rise and fall of Liberalism in France, the plébiscite of May, and the proceedings of the Ecumenical Council abroad, and the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill at home. To the last half belong Gravelotte, Sedan, Metz, the siege of Paris, the Paris revolution, the dictatorship and military resistance of Gambetta, the seizure of Rome by Italy, the repudiation of the Treaty of 1856 by Russia, and the hostile manifestoes of General Butler and President Grant. The history of the first half of the year looks already pale, remote, and small by the side of the glowing and fiery colours, and the absorbing and continuing interest, of the history of the last half. But for the purposes of narration there is some convenience in the circumstance that the year has thus been divided in so marked a manner, and that the story of its months of peace may be told almost completely before the story of its months of war begins.

The Session opened with a very large and very grand programme on the part of the Ministry. Mr. Bright had just explained to his constituents that Parliament could not do very much in any one Session, and that only a very few omnibuses and cabs could get through the block at Westminster. But his colleagues determined to start at least a great variety of omnibuses and cabs, and see what would come of them when the block began. Besides Irish Land and Education, the Universities, the Ballot, the simplification of the transfer of land, the law of intestacy, the licensing system, local rating, the Poor-law, naturalization, the legalisation of Trade-Unions, the appellate jurisdiction, the fusion of Law and Equity, and the peace of Ireland, were all to be attended to. Few of the promising vehicles started ever got out of the block, but at any rate the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill were passed, and a vigorous and successful attempt was made to secure life and property in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone introduced the Irish Land Bill on February 13, and his scheme was received with general favour. The Bill was based on the proposal that the landlords might use their legal right to evict tenants capriciously, but that, if they did,

they should pay the man they evicted, and that the poorer the man evicted the more proportionally he should get. In addition, the tenant was to be paid for improvements, local customs in his favour were to be recognised, he was to be prevented for a time from contracting himself out of the benefits the Bill gave him, and the State was to aid him in purchasing the land in case his landlord wished to sell. This, as Mr. Chichester Fortescue truly said in the debate on the Second Reading, was far more than even the most advanced Irishmen had ever before thought of asking Parliament to grant; and Dr. Ball, although protesting that Irishmen were treated as inferiors by being denied the right of free contract, gave in, with the whole Conservative party, his adhesion to the Bill, and it went through the Commons without any material change or difficulty, except that before Easter it got entangled and baffled by the subtleties with which Sir Roundell Palmer encompassed the provision that the landlord should be allowed to deduct all that he on his side could fairly claim from the tenant. When in the middle of June the Bill got to the Lords, the Duke of Richmond—who, after Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury had declined the post, had become leader of the majority in place of Lord Cairns—offered a very moderate opposition; but he could not always control his followers, who took heart, under the occasional guidance of Lord Salisbury, and even ventured to reduce the scale of compensation. Eventually, on the consideration of the Report, the amendments of the Lords were much reduced in importance, while the Government made concessions in the wise direction of accommodating more closely the wording of the Bill to the varying customs of particular estates. The Government of course insisted in the Commons that the scale of compensation should be left untouched; and the Lords no longer offered any opposition to a Bill which was certainly large and bold, and which up to the end of the year has had the special success marked out for it by its promoters, who said that, if it worked well, scarcely anything would be heard of it practically, as landlords and tenants would rapidly adapt themselves to their new relations to each other.

The Education Bill was introduced by Mr. Forster on February 16, three days after the Irish Land Bill had been introduced by Mr. Gladstone. The Bill was from the outset received with general approbation, although it was in some quarters bitterly attacked. The essential features of the measure were that the whole country should be mapped out into school districts, and that a report should be made by Government Inspectors as to the state of education in each district. Where the education was reported to be such as to provide a good rudimentary education for all children under twelve years of age, things were to be left as they were found. If within a year no efficient education was provided in a district, then a School Board, elected by the Town Council in towns and in rural districts by Select Vestries, was to be created, to have power to levy an educational rate, and, if it thought proper, to compel the attendance of children by imposing a fine on parents. The Board was to be at liberty to create new schools, which might be denominational or secular as it pleased, or it might help existing denominational schools, the Government meeting both rate-built schools and the existing denominational schools with grants in aid. The power of the School Board to decide on what denomination it should establish in schools built by rates was opposed by an amendment to the Second Reading, moved by Mr. Dixon, and the jealousy felt by the Nonconformists of the Church of England received ample expression. During the three months that elapsed before anything more was heard in Parliament of the Bill, the Government made several changes in it. The chief of these were that from all rate-built schools every formulary distinctive of any denominational creed should be excluded, and that the denominational schools not built by rates should not be aided by rates, while the grant in aid to such schools, as well as to rate-built schools, was advanced to one-half; the grant for building to denominational schools being withdrawn, the election of School Boards being placed in the hands of the ratepayers, and cumulative voting allowed. This scheme passed through both Houses with no serious opposition, the Lords confining themselves to cutting out the clauses by which the Government had proposed that the voting should be by ballot. Towards the end of the year elections for the new School Board have been held in most of the large towns, and although some dissatisfaction has been created in the provinces at the impulse said to have been given to sectarianism, the result in London has been very satisfactory, and a new Board, with Lord Lawrence as its Chairman, and with science and ladies ably represented, is preparing to show practically what the Act, if worked at its best, can do for English education.

The peace of Ireland was so seriously endangered at the beginning of the year that, soon after he had introduced his great remedial measure, Mr. Gladstone was obliged to ask Parliament for powers, granted him with the utmost willingness, for repressing Irish crime, and a measure was passed, the principal provisions of which were that the province of magistrates acting without juries was considerably enlarged, the powers of the police in arresting supposed marauders increased, and the publication of seditious newspapers made a dangerous and unpromising speculation. The effect has been most beneficial, and in the latter part of the year Irish agrarian crime has died away, so much so that the Government had thought the time come for releasing the Fenian prisoners, although it has done so in a way which, while seeming to England to offer a dangerous encouragement to crime, is twisted in Ireland into being a substitution of one punishment for another. Still things in Ireland look certainly much better

than they did a year ago. The triumph of the Fenians who returned one of their favourite convicts to Parliament was necessarily terminated as soon as the House was in sitting to annul the election; and the calamities of the French have stilled the excitement of those who thought that victorious France would help Ireland to crush the Saxon. Nor was the Session quite without other fruits than its Education and Irish Bills; for although the Chancellor's legal reform measures were snuffed out, not undeservedly, and Lord Salisbury smothered the Universities Tests Bill as soon as it got into the Lords, and although many of the proposed Government measures were never afterwards heard of, yet it was something that our relations with foreign Powers should be so much improved and so much more clearly defined as they were by the Naturalization, the Extradition, and the Foreign Enlistment Bills. For the most part the Session passed away smoothly enough, although Mr. Ayrton was always there shaking his horrid red flag in the eyes of members, although the ineptitude of the Home Office continually obstructed itself, and although Mr. Gladstone made a mountain out of a molehill when the House resolved to prevent the land reclaimed by the Thames Embankment being built on. A surplus of four millions made the Budget easy work for Mr. Lowe; the state of the navy gave confidence in Mr. Childers; and it was not till the war came that Mr. Cardwell was obliged to ask to be allowed to replace with difficulty the twenty thousand men he had knocked off the army with ease.

The peacefulness of English politics was, however, rudely broken in April by the dreadful news of the Greek massacres, although the noble bearing of the victims, even in the extreme hour of danger, was a source of great comfort and pride to the nation. Lord Clarendon did all that was possible, and even went so far as to offer to convey the brigands to Malta if they would let go their prey. But although the most legitimate indignation was excited against the Greek Government, which had really sacrificed the lives of the travellers by allowing the troops to act in spite of an express undertaking to the contrary, yet England was really powerless; and in the long run Greece had its own way, managed the investigations and trials as it pleased, and baffled justice and a great Power with the success always attending the operations of crafty barbarians against whom it is not intended in the last resort to use force. It is some satisfaction, on the other hand, to record that in Canada the revolt of the distant Winnepeggers was put down by a compromise which, after the murder of Scott for no other offence than that of loyalty, by the rebel Riel, was rather humiliating though successful, and that the Fenian raid of O'Neill was summarily extinguished by the arrest of the hero on American soil. In New Zealand, too, the rebellion of Te Kooti was brought to an end by the assistance of the friendly natives; and, encouraged by the grant of an Imperial guarantee of a million sterling, the colonists have laid aside their growing animosity against England, although not until Mr. Fox, the Prime Minister, had threatened to open independent negotiations with the United States. India has attracted little notice this year, except that Lord Mayo's Governor-Generalship has been recognised as hitherto successful, that Parliament was amused and bewildered by the vagaries of Indian financiers who were entirely unable to calculate whether they had a surplus or not, and that Mr. Grant Duff administered a severe, if justifiable, rebuke to the advocates of the pecuniary claims of Indian officers, and gallantly defended the opium trade on the ground that the very thing the Chinese wanted was opium as a corrective to tea. Things in China have not been quite so comfortable. The Chinese stole a march on Sir Rutherford Alcock by getting him to conclude a treaty, afterwards strongly and successfully opposed in England, by which a considerable addition was made to the export and import duties without communication with the interior being better secured; and later in the year the Tien-tsin massacre, in which several French subjects were the victims of religious fanaticism, showed the position of all foreigners in China to be so very dangerous that Lord Granville, after some hesitation, was induced to make common cause with the French, and to insist on an investigation which, in the usual Chinese fashion, ended in a small number of the wrong men being executed.

We have had plenty, too, of what is disagreeable in our domestic incidents at home. The prurient confidences of Mrs. Beecher Stowe had scarcely subsided into the silence from which they ought never to have emerged, when the disgusting disclosures consequent on the arrest of Boulton and Park led to a scandal only equalled by that which has attended the subsequent hushing up of the case, or mitigation of the charge. The Mordaunt divorce case carried a tale of wrong-doing or wrong-thinking in high life into every family circle, although its worst effect was obviated by the resolute denial which the Prince of Wales was fortunately able to give to the charges brought against him. The cause of women, so serious in some lights, so ludicrous in others, has been triumphant in the election of two ladies on the London School Board; in the Bill for the protection of the property of married women, although the Lords cut down the Bill to half the size which Mr. Russell Gurney had given it; in the acceptance in the first instance, by the House of Commons, of the proposal to give women votes in Parliamentary elections; and in the rejection of the Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill by the narrow majority of four in the House of Lords, after it had been passed by a large majority in the Commons. The conviction of Margaret Waters of murder by baby-farming laid bare one of the secret horrors of English society, while the lamentable loss of the *Captain* and the incessant

railway accidents of the last few months show the perils in which the most innocent Englishmen constantly live. The barbarism and lawlessness of the rioters at Thorncliffe, so serious that those whom they wished to oppress had for weeks to live under military protection, found a mild counterpart in the discreditable outbreak of youthful insolence in high places at Christchurch. The religious arena has of course had its share of excitement. There have been some lively heretics to prosecute, and the Irish Church has been kept in a constant simmer by its gentle revolution against bishops and Ritualists. The working-men of England have not, however, as a rule, given much trouble. They have shown by the rejection of Mr. Odger at Southwark and Bristol, and by their electing only Mr. Lucraft on the London School Board, that they do not at present wish to be represented by men of their own class; and although they are said to support the French Republic, they certainly do so in a very unobtrusive manner. The Conservatives won a seat at Southwark, and they really thought the great millennium of reaction had begun, until it appeared later in the year that in the present political lull borough constituents trouble themselves, not about Conservatism, but about the Contagious Diseases Act. The Conservatives, however, appear to be very happy out of office, and they can console themselves in unison with the rest of society in thinking how delightful it is that Lord Lorne is going to marry the Princess Louise, and more especially by claiming the gorgeous nonsense of *Lothair* as peculiarly their own, and reflecting that it must be Conservative youths for whom the mysterious truths contained in that work are so priceless a piece of knowledge.

The year in France began with the Ollivier Ministry; and the Ollivier Ministry began well, for M. Daru consented to go to the Foreign Office, and M. Buffet was charged with the Department of Finance, a pledge being thus given that the Liberalism of the Cabinet was not a mere sham. It set to work vigorously, and commenced its proceedings by getting rid of M. Haussmann, and ending his reign of extravagance and ingenuity in rebuilding Paris; while the Emperor publicly announced that he was delighted to lay down a portion of the burden that had become too heavy for him. Unfortunately a little black cloud arose in the horizon. The Emperor, like many other people, is cursed with very troublesome relations, and, before January was out, Prince Pierre Bonaparte took it into his head to kill Victor Noir, and at Victor Noir's funeral there was a revolutionary gathering which, principally through M. Rocheft, was dispersed without serious consequences. M. Ollivier behaved with sense and firmness. He sent the Prince to Mazas, and asked leave of the Chamber to prosecute M. Rocheft, who, if he had done some good, had assumed the position of a revolutionary leader. M. Favre attacked the Cabinet for not dissolving the Chamber; but on M. Daru declaring that the Emperor was honest and the Cabinet was honest, the confidence of the Left was for the moment restored, and M. Ollivier offended the Right quite as much as the Left by declaring that in future elections the Government would assume a neutral attitude towards all parties, although indicating the candidates it preferred. The Senate seemed inclined to give trouble, when the Emperor stepped in and directed M. Ollivier to introduce a *Senatus Consultum* by which the Senate was to be deprived of its constituent power. The Senate humbly accepted what it was bid to accept, but then the *Senatus Consultum* also contained a clause reserving to the Emperor a right to appeal to the people when he pleased. This was considered to put an end to Parliamentary government, and M. Daru and Buffet resigned rather than assent to it. M. Ollivier, however, held on, and thenceforth became a mere tool of the Emperor. All pretence of Liberalism and Parliamentary government was laid aside, and the Emperor resolved to ask by a new *plébiscite* an expression of renewed confidence in him. At the end of April a plot to assassinate the Emperor was discovered or invented by the police just in the nick of time, and the issue submitted to the people was really whether they would have the Empire or revolution, the feeling on both sides being heightened by the acquittal of Prince Pierre, who had been brought to trial before the High Court of Justice at Tours. The votes for the *plébiscite* were taken on the 8th of May. Seven millions and a-half supported the Emperor against one million and a-half of voters on the other side, and although it was an awkward fact that at Paris the Opposition had a large majority, and that among the voters in the negative there were 50,000 soldiers, yet the Emperor and his friends were highly delighted. M. Ollivier termed this voting the Sadowa of the Opposition, and proceeded to ally himself with M. de Grammont as Foreign Minister, and with other second-rate Imperialists. A few slight riots at Paris, consequent on the announcement of the results of the voting, were easily put down, and M. Ollivier, his master, and their friends, sat down in happiness and quiet to enjoy the good things that seemed in store for them; while France was assured, in another of the proclamations so long in vogue during the Second Empire, that sterile controversies might be considered at an end, and that the Emperor would devote himself to working out, in conjunction with the nation, the proper number of domestic improvements.

The Ecumenical Council pursued its dreary labours during the whole of the first half of the year, and on July 13 the great result was achieved, and Pius IX. was made sure that he was infallible. There was some opposition on the part of the German bishops, and of such men as M. Dupanloup and Dr. Newman, but the vast majority were resolved not to have come such a long way for nothing. Everything is reported and described in English journalism, and no week passed without ample records of the ecclesiastic-

tical intrigues which decided or impelled the Council being given for the amusement and edification of those to whom ecclesiastical intrigues are interesting. To all that, when he anathematizes it, the Pope calls the modern world, it was necessarily a matter of supreme indifference whether the Pope was pronounced infallible or not, and the great Catholic Powers stood aloof, except that Austria took the opportunity of treating the Concordat as at an end, and M. Daru vaguely threatened dreadful consequences if the Pope was put in the new position to which he aspired. The Pope replied that he had nothing to do with the powers of this world; and although as a theological retort this was not ineffective, it made it seem all the more natural that when the evacuation of Rome by the French troops, and the acquiescence of the new French Government, released Italy from any fear of quarrelling with France, General Cadorna should be sent to accomplish the transfer of the Pope's dominion to a ruler who thinks of this world, and of what men want in it. Spain held absolutely aloof from the affairs of a religious assembly the proceedings and edicts of which would once have seemed to her so important. She was indeed absorbed in the pursuit of a King. The chances of the Duke of Montpensier at one time seemed a little brighter than before, but his fortunes were eclipsed by the unhappy termination of a duel into which he was provoked by one of the Spanish Bourbon princes. The Duke of Saldanha arranged, and carried out successfully before breakfast one morning in May, a military revolution in Lisbon, and it was supposed that this might be the prelude to a combination in favour of a King who would unite the Iberian Peninsula. But nothing came of it; and as little came of the abdication of Queen Isabella in favour of her son; and Prim held on, borrowing money, changing his colleagues, bearding the Republicans, and keeping his plans dark, until one fine day he announced that he had succeeded at last, that he had got exactly the right man for King, and that this perfect and most unobjectionable candidate was Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern.

Thus quietly and innocently was the match set burning which in a few days was to blow Europe into an explosion. The Emperor had been so often enjoined and outwitted by Count Bismarck that this time he was determined either to humiliate Prussia or to go to war. The Duke of Grammont was instructed, without asking explanations, without any recourse to diplomacy, to declare at once in the Chamber that the German candidature must be withdrawn or war would be the consequence, and French journalists were forbidden to reveal the fact that Prince Leopold was much more nearly connected with the Bonapartes than with the reigning Hohenzollerns. The Prussian Court at first treated the quarrel with calm indifference, and declared that the Spaniards were free to choose their King where they pleased, and that Germany was in no way concerned with the choice. But great exertions were made by the neutral Powers, and especially by England, to get something done which might reasonably satisfy France. First, the Prince's father withdrew his son's name; and then, in the last resort, the King was induced also to withdraw his countenance to the candidature of Prince Leopold. France had got all, and more than all, that she was entitled to demand. But the Emperor, after great hesitation, impelled by a small clique of favourites, and possibly anxious as to the sentiments of an army so large a portion of which had just voted against him, determined to make peace impossible, and required that the King of Prussia should engage never again to consent to Prince Leopold being a candidate. There could be but one answer to such a demand, and on July 15 the Emperor, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of Paris and the apparent assent of the whole country except a few Republican and Liberal Deputies and partisans, declared the war on which he was bent. Marshal Lebeuf told him that France was perfectly prepared, and M. Rouher congratulated him on the arrival of the moment to which for four years he had been looking forward. Before, however, a shot had been fired, Count Bismarck complicated his position by suddenly revealing a treaty proposed to him some time before by M. Benedetti, by which the Emperor undertook to let Prussia arrange matters in Germany as she pleased, provided France was allowed to seize Belgium. Much angry correspondence followed, but in the end it became quite clear that if Count Bismarck had encouraged plots of the kind, yet the Emperor, while supposed to be the trusty ally of England, had secretly meditated to deal her honour and interests a deadly wound. The English nation became instantly indignant and alarmed, and these feelings were increased by the unwise reticence of Mr. Gladstone, until it became known that the Ministry had adopted a wise and honest course, and had engaged with both belligerents to co-operate in the defence of Belgium with either of them if Belgium was attacked by the other. Thenceforward the efforts of England were principally confined to maintaining her own neutrality, and to preventing other nations joining in the war; and in both directions she was successful, although as a neutral she incurred much ill-will, especially from Germany, where offence was officially taken at her not displaying neutrality of a benevolent kind, and at her refusing to depart from the accepted if not very wise doctrine of International Law, that arms and munition of war may be exported from a neutral country to a belligerent, subject to the right of the other belligerent to intercept them if he can.

The diplomatic and other emissaries of the Emperor had represented to him that Southern Germany would stand aloof from Prussia in a war, and the Emperor seems to have believed that they would at least remain inactive until he had time to fight one great battle, which, if favourable, might decide them in his

favour. But in this he was entirely disappointed. Without a moment's hesitation the forces of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden were placed at the disposal of Prussia; and the allies on whom the Emperor had reckoned—Denmark, Italy, and Austria—positively refused to join him. France was thus left alone to fight all Germany. Still she had apparently the great advantage of being more forward in her preparations, and might possibly strike a decisive blow before Germany could move. Day by day however passed, and nothing was done. It was not until the 28th July that the Emperor arrived at Metz, and even then there was utter inactivity. The Emperor had in fact learnt by this time that the whole of his military organization was rotten. There were no adequate supplies, no store of ammunition, and a large portion of his force only existed on paper. He had four corps, under Ladamirault, Frossard, De Failli, and MacMahon, on the Eastern frontier, but not near enough to support each other; he had Douay at Belfort, Canrobert at Châlons, and Bazaine and the Guards at Metz; but he had not the military skill or the military resources necessary to combine the several portions of his army into an effective whole. For the mere sake of seeming to do something he joined Frossard at Saarbrück, poured a few shells into the town, and sent off a ridiculous telegram to the Empress to say that his poor little boy had had a baptism of blood, and had picked up spent bullets in a way that made old soldiers shed tears of joy. This was the first and last success he had to chronicle. The tiny affair at Saarbrück took place on the 2nd of August, and on the 3rd the Germans entered French territory. They had had nearly three weeks to collect their forces, and in this time they had got together half a million of men, one army under Prince Frederick Charles being stationed on the Moselle, one under General Steinmetz acting for the King in front of Saarbrück, and a third under the Crown Prince, a little further south, on the Lauter. On Thursday, August the 4th, the troops of the Crown Prince attacked De Failli at Weissemburg, and although the French, aided by the strength of their position, fought well, they were overpowered by numbers, and had to retreat. MacMahon joined De Failli, and awaited the German attack at Wörth. Saturday, the 6th, saw two enormous reverses to the French arms. At Wörth they were defeated with such an utter rout that MacMahon had only two regiments unbroken with him when he got to Saverne; and at Forbach, above Saarbrück, Frossard sustained a defeat equally disastrous at the hands of Steinmetz. The Emperor saw the vast importance of the defeat of MacMahon, and could only say, in telegraphing the disastrous news to Paris, that "tout peut se rétablir." During eight days there was a pause in the war, spent by the Emperor in hopeless, helpless vacillation, until on the 12th he appointed Bazaine generalissimo, and Bazaine decided to retreat with his large and splendid army to Châlons. But he did not act quickly enough, being greatly embarrassed by the presence of his Imperial master, whom he had much difficulty in getting off in safety to Verdun. On Sunday the 14th, although a portion of his troops had begun to move towards Verdun, a large number still rested on the right bank of the Moselle, when they were attacked by Steinmetz and driven under the shelter of the fortifications. This delayed the retreat, and when on the following Tuesday the French army had got a few miles out of Metz they found their course barred by the ever active German cavalry, who were later in the day strengthened by the arrival of a body of infantry, the vanguard of the great German army which had been sent rapidly by Pont-a-Mousson to intercept Bazaine. The Germans on this one occasion had a great numerical inferiority and suffered terribly; but although they could not defeat the French, they entirely succeeded in their main object. They forced the French to pause until the whole German army had come up. Bazaine determined to fight, and on the 18th the great and bloody, but also most decisive, battle of Gravelotte was fought, and when the day came to a close Bazaine and the great army of the Rhine were imprisoned in the lines of Metz.

When the disasters of Wörth and Forbach became known at Paris the excitement and indignation of the Parisians was extreme. On the 9th M. Jules Favre proposed that the Emperor should be "recalled as being incapable," to which M. Granier de Cassagnac replied that the leaders of the Left ought at once to be tried by court-martial. But the Chamber, although not prepared for extreme measures, determined to change the Ministry, and passed a vote of want of confidence in M. Ollivier, who, three weeks after he had declared that he entered on the war with a light heart, was turned out of office on account of the great calamities that war had brought on his country, and slipped away into exile and merited obscurity. General Trochu, who was known as a strong opponent of the Government, was called to undertake the organization of the defence of the capital, and a few days afterwards was made Governor of Paris. But the Empress, who avowed that she was less afraid of the Prussians than of the Republicans, would have nothing to do with a popular Ministry, and placed at the head of affairs a devoted band of Imperialists under General Montauban, Count of Palikao. This precious set of incapables set themselves energetically to two tasks. They invented the most audacious falsehoods, devising one piece of good news after another, in order to bewilder and deceive Paris; and they forced MacMahon and the Emperor to break up the camp at Châlons, and set off by a long round to relieve Bazaine. When on the 24th the Crown Prince reached Châlons with 150,000 men, he found MacMahon gone, and hastened after him. Meantime,

the Crown Prince of Saxony had been detached with 90,000 men from before Metz on the same errand. The Germans pushed on vigorously, while MacMahon, retarded by the utter inefficiency of all his auxiliary services of war, crept slowly along until he reached the Meuse in the neighbourhood of Sedan. The Saxon army felt their way along both sides of the river, until on the 30th they surprised De Failli at Beaumont, and, utterly routing him, drove him across the river. Fighting continued all the 31st, and on the 1st of September the great battle was fought which was to end the Second Empire. For some hours the French seemed to be successful, and the Emperor telegraphed to Paris that a victory might be expected; but the Germans were only holding the French in check until with their greatly superior numbers they had surrounded them. The French were driven in confusion into Sedan, and the Emperor, who had exhibited great personal courage in the action, determined, against the entreaties of his officers, to send a flag of truce. A white duster, the only emblem that could be procured, was accordingly raised on a spear, and this rag was despatched to announce that the Emperor of the French, his marshals, his generals, and his soldiers, were ready to capitulate. On the next morning he sought an interview with the King of Prussia, and had Wilhelmshöhe assigned him as the scene of his captivity. De Wimpffen, who had succeeded to the chief command after MacMahon had been badly wounded, attempted to obtain terms, but the German commander showed him that he was utterly powerless, and insisted that the surrender must be unconditional. There was no help, and the greatest military catastrophe of modern times was consummated. A whole French army, numbering upwards of 100,000 men, was at one stroke made prisoners of war, and all its materials of war passed into the hands of the enemy.

When the news of this great disaster reached Paris a new Government had to be created. On Sunday, the 4th, Count Palikao went to the Chamber, and proposed that it should govern. The Ultra-Imperialists proposed that Napoleon IV. should ascend the throne; but M. Jules Favre would hear of nothing but a Republic, and Paris was of the same mind. The National Guard assembled, and marched to impose its will on the Chamber; the troops fraternized; Paris was wild with delight; and before the evening there was a Republic, there was a Government of National Defence, headed by General Trochu, and composed of Jules Favre, Gambetta, Jules Simon, the veteran Cremieux, and one or two more obscure names. The Empress, with some difficulty and risk, escaped from the Tuilleries, and sought refuge in England; while the Senate, which had vowed to sit quietly awaiting the fate of martyrs, dispersed when it was ascertained that no one was taking the least notice of its heroism. Count Kératry was appointed Prefect of Police, and M. Esquiros was sent to uphold order and Republicanism at Lyons. But, however bold were the resolves of the new Government, nothing could avert the approach of the Germans, and on the 19th September the investment of Paris was completed. Jules Favre a day or two afterwards went to meet Count Bismarck at Ferrières, but although the representative of France was ready to do everything else for peace, he would not yield territory; and Count Bismarck would not hear of peace unless Germany was to get some advantage in her frontier defences in return for all that the war had cost her. Strasburg was more especially demanded, and although Strasburg had been besieged by the Badeners since the 10th of August, it had not fallen, and M. Jules Favre declared himself unable to surrender a French city still in French hands. The negotiations were broken off, and shortly afterwards, on the 27th September, Strasburg surrendered, as Toul, a small fortress on the Nancy railway which had long interfered with the German communications, had done four days before. It was evident that Paris could only be saved if the provinces would come to its rescue, and on the 8th September Gambetta left Paris in a balloon, reached Tours, which now had become the seat of Government outside Paris, and set earnestly to work to organize an army on the Loire that might relieve Paris. Had he been able to effect his purpose while Metz still detained 180,000 Germans round its lines, he might have accomplished great things, for the Bretons were fast arming in the West, Garibaldi was in the East fighting blindly for the Universal Republic, and Lyons and Marseilles, although doing little, and importing by their revolutionary excesses much bitterness and division into the struggle, were yet willing to obey the Government of Tours. But Bazaine could not, or would not, hold out any longer. He had made in the beginning of October a sortie which was only foiled by the dauntless resistance of the Prussian Landwehr, and he had, apparently with the connivance of Count Bismarck, been trying to arrange that his surrender should be coupled with the restoration of the Emperor—a project which fell to the ground on account of its rejection by the Empress. On the 27th of October he surrendered unconditionally, and the whole Army of the Rhine, 150,000 strong, with a virgin fortress and enormous stores of ammunition, were delivered over to the enemy; and the army of Prince Frederic Charles, who had been beleaguered Metz, was set free to deal with the French Army of the Loire.

By the time that Prince Frederic Charles reached his new scene of action, his presence there had become indispensable. Immediately after the fall of Metz, M. Thiers, having been put in communication with the German leaders by the English Foreign Office, had attempted to negotiate an armistice, but the attempt ended in failure as soon as it was known that during the armistice the Germans would not permit Paris to be revictualled. It may have been a mistake from a military point of view in the

French not to have accepted an armistice even on the terms on which the Germans would have granted it; but there was violent opposition both at Paris and Tours to any concession to the enemy, and at one time General Trochu and Jules Favre at Paris, and M. Gambetta at Tours, were actually subjected to sudden violence, and kept in custody for a few hours. General Trochu thereupon took the sense of Paris by a direct vote, and an overwhelming majority showed that Paris was determined to support him. M. Gambetta, on his side, immediately showed what he had been able to effect by his energetic preparations. The Army of the Loire advanced under General d'Aurelle, forced the Bavarians out of Orleans, which Von der Tann had held for a month, defeated them at Coulmiers, and forced them to retreat until their junction with the Duke of Mecklenburg gave them temporary safety. D'Aurelle lost this golden opportunity of advancing on Paris, and remained inactive, owing, it is believed, to want of supplies, until Prince Frederick Charles had come up. Meanwhile the Germans were also operating in the North, and on November 28 Amiens was taken, after a fight which sufficed to show how little the new levies of the North could withstand the German veterans. The advance of the Germans in the South-west was gallantly resisted at Beaune la Rolande by Bourbaki, but no decisive advantage was obtained; and the French collected themselves for the great effort of uniting a grand sortie from Paris with an advance of the whole Army of the Loire. The sortie was made on the 30th, and was continued on the 2nd of December under General Ducrot, and although it was so far successful that the French at one time established themselves in strength on the left bank of the Marne, and to some extent permanently extended their works, yet they entirely failed, owing to the desperate bravery of the Saxons and Wurtembergers, to pierce the lines of the besiegers. They had reckoned on the co-operation of the Army of the Loire, but their hopes were baffled by the operations of Prince Frederick Charles, who on the 2nd of December and the two following days attacked, drove the French out of all their positions, including the strong entrenchments protected by naval guns which they had formed in front of Orleans, entered the city, and sent one half of the Army of the Loire over the river, under Bourbaki, where it has since remained inactive. The other half retreated under General Chanzy westwards, and fought the troops of the Duke of Mecklenburg day after day, until on the 15th Vendôme was taken, and Chanzy retired on Le Mans. The retreat of Chanzy had been mainly determined by the capture of Blois, and after his retreat the Germans pushed on to Tours, and had the satisfaction of being asked by the authorities of that late seat of French Government for a Prussian garrison. But the Germans did not wish to hold so distant a position, and have contented themselves with holding what they consider a sufficient line to guard the besiegers of Paris on the South. On the North General Manteuffel took Rouen without resistance, and pushed on to Dieppe, but had to retreat in order to stop the progress southwards of Faidherbe with the French Army of the North. This he did successfully in a battle fought in the neighbourhood of Amiens, and the French were driven backwards to the shelter of their Northern fortresses; while in the Burgundy country General Werder has hitherto resisted the efforts of the Garibaldians and the Francs-Tireurs to break through the German line of communications at its base; and Phalsburg, after a resistance worthy of its old fame, Montmédy, and Thionville are all in the hands of the enemy, while Metziers and Belfort alone hold out of the besieged fortresses in the province. Paris has now for three months and a half continued a resistance which is in every way creditable to its population. They have not yet tasted the horrors of actual starvation, but they have submitted cheerfully to many privations, and General Trochu has greatly strengthened his forts, has got together an enormous amount of powerful artillery, has pushed out his works so as greatly to inconvenience the besiegers, and has disciplined a portion at least of his vast army into excellent order. The hope that Faidherbe would be coming up to co-operate with him appears to have induced him to try last week the effect of a new sortie in force towards St. Denis, but no material results were produced; and now the besiegers in their turn have endeavoured to ascertain what will be the issue of the great artillery duel with the forts which they have been so long preparing.

England was congratulating herself that no danger of being dragged into war existed for her, when all of a sudden she learnt that Russia had announced her intention of setting aside the Treaty of 1856 and establishing a large naval force in the Black Sea. The challenge thus rudely given was accepted firmly but courteously by England, and the result has been that a Conference, due to the efforts of Prussia, is to meet next week to see how far the demands of Russia can be acceded to without the honour or interests of England being impeded. But misfortunes never come single, and almost at the same time that Russia has assumed this threatening attitude, the President of the United States announced his intention of reopening the *Alabama* question by the Government buying up the claims of individuals and of making a grievance of the conduct of the Dominion of Canada with regard to the Canadian fisheries. At one time, too, it seemed as if Count Bismarck was preparing to imitate Russia and set aside the curious treaty by which Lord Derby attempted to free England from all responsibility as to Luxembourg, while seeming to guarantee its neutrality. We close the year in a political position which furnishes a strange commentary on the rhapsody about "Happy England" with which the Premier closed his late mischievous attack on France and

Germany. Oddly enough, the two countries which were supposed to be implicated in the offence that began the war have alone reason to congratulate themselves now. The military unity and military successes of Germany have led to the consolidation of Germany into one political body, and the offer of the Imperial Crown to King William; while Spain has at length found a King, and a very creditable one, in the Duke of Aosta, although the whole success of the experiment may prove to have been jeopardised by the dastardly attempt to assassinate Prim. Unfortunately the difficulties of some of the Powers most nearly allied to us seem to be increasing. Italy, although it has decided on the transfer of the capital to Rome, is evidently afraid of the Pope; and Austria is daily more and more threatened with a disaffection among her non-German populations which has led through the year to constant Ministerial crises, and would paralyse her in a very serious degree if war were forced on her by Russia. At home the Ministry has been greatly weakened, not only by the indiscretions of the Premier, but by the resignation of Mr. Bright through continued ill health. English commerce has also been lately much depressed by the stagnation of the markets of India and China. Thus a year which opened brightly, but which has grown gradually darker, which in the world of literature has been saddened by the deaths of Montalembert, Prevost-Paradol, and Dickens, and has to all men been overshadowed by the horrors of the greatest war of modern times, closes with gloomy prospects for us at home and abroad. Fortunately we are not beset by the difficulty of internal divisions, and the country is ready to act firmly and cautiously, ready to fight if necessary, but with enough sound sense to resist any foolish precipitation to go to war lightly, and as if war were not the gravest of calamities.

BANKERS' CLERKS AND MARRIAGE.

THE Directors of the Union Bank have, it seems, recently forbidden their clerks to marry unless they are receiving salaries of 150*l.* a-year or upwards. A very respectable but slightly impulsive contemporary hereupon congratulates the *Saturday Review* on having made converts to its diabolical opinions about marriage. We are compelled, in spite of our natural vanity, to renounce all claims to so unprecedented afeat as the conversion of a commercial Board; or, if they are indeed converts, we must ungraciously declare that their newborn zeal is decidedly not according to knowledge. The fact, however, that they may possibly imagine, or that other intelligent people think themselves justified in assuming, that the regulation in question is based upon theories advocated in these columns, may justify us in explaining what we should have hoped needed no explanation. Luther had to complain of the wild zealots who deduced antinomian doctrines from his preaching; nay, the Scriptures themselves have been wrested by foolish persons to their own damnation; and it would be presumptuous indeed in us to suppose that no false consequences will ever be deduced by weakminded people from the *Saturday Review*. When a case of the kind is brought before us, we must try to clear ourselves of all responsibility for the absurdities which are supposed to be corollaries from our teaching.

We will begin, therefore, by stating in the plainest language that to our minds the action of the Directors is immoral, tyrannical, and foolish. It is immoral, because the natural consequence of ordering a poor young man in London to abstain from marriage is to encourage him to take up with some temporary substitute for marriage. It is tyrannical, because it is an attempt to interfere in matters with which the bank Directors have no particular concern. Of course the Directors might reply that they have a good right, if they please, to employ only bachelors, as they have a right, if they please, to employ only red-haired men, or only men whose Christian name is John. Nobody calls a private person tyrannical for preferring an unmarried cook or a butler "without incumbrances," and the bank Directors, if they please, may take the same course. If a bachelor suits their purpose better than a married man, why should they not take him by preference? The answer, which to us seems to be a satisfactory one, is that the married man is, on the whole, likely to be a better clerk than the bachelor. He is likely to be more industrious, and has stronger motives for being honest. And therefore a restriction of the kind in question is probably dictated, not by a legitimate desire for the welfare of the business, but by a desire to interfere in matters which are better left to take their own course. In other words, it is tyrannical because it is also foolish. It is an attempt at regulation pushed beyond what the interests of the business demand, and rather prejudicial to them than useful.

This point is, however, of comparatively little interest. If we disapproved, in fact, of any one marrying who had not 150*l.* a-year, the Directors might naturally think themselves our converts in prohibiting marriage beneath that limit. The inference would be grossly illogical, for there are many things of which we disapprove which we do not desire to see discouraged by any but moral means. For example, we disapprove strongly of ingratitude; we disapprove of people writing hysterical nonsense in newspapers; we disapprove of gentlemen drinking too much port; but we don't want to see any of those things forbidden by law, nor always by social regulations; and what, if any, means of discouragement should be applied to them is a difficult and delicate problem. Still, if we had been writing strongly against any vice or weakness, people who proposed to put it down by unjustifiable means might be pardoned for quoting our authority. Gentlemen who

murder kings generally quote in their own defence the authority of all writers against tyranny; and the writers have sometimes a difficulty in repudiating the inference.

Do we, then, object to any man marrying who has not 150*l.* a-year? In answering such an imputation, we feel something like the Bishop of London in the old but excellent story. After the right reverend prelate had preached a sermon on the existence of the Deity, one of his hearers, on being asked for his opinion of its merits, apologized for differing from its conclusion. "You see, my lord," was his modest explanation, "I think there be a God." We always fancied ourselves to have maintained that matrimony was, on the whole, a commendable institution. Indeed, we have generally found fault with the fiery advocates of women's rights because we found that they showed a tendency towards the disparagement of marriage. We also held that their views on that important question were the weakest point in their case; and we have been sternly rebuked for our old-fashioned prejudices, and our willingness to sacrifice even such important objects as the right of voting, in our nervous anxiety for the sanctity of the marriage vow. Yet it now appears that we object to persons marrying without a pecuniary qualification which would render marriage impracticable amongst the lower orders. We should ardently desire to see every Englishman in the possession of 150*l.* a-year; but till that Utopian wish is realized we hold that most people ought to marry, though they have no prospect of becoming liable to the Income-tax.

What, then, was the real bearing of the advice so strangely misinterpreted? For we by no means deny that we have given some advice which seems to be very unpalatable, that we intend to give it in future, and that our only reason for writing this article is a desire to take a favourable opportunity of giving it with all due emphasis at the present moment. It is in truth so simple and so obvious that the only wonder is that it should be regarded as paradoxical. To illustrate its meaning, let us suppose that one of the clerks at the Union Bank asked the advice of any sensible friend upon the propriety of his marriage, and that the sensible friend thought fit for once to give a candid opinion. We imagine that he would probably speak to the following effect:—You are anxious to incur a very heavy responsibility; you are undertaking to support the woman with whom you are in love, and the children she may bear you. As you are a young man in receipt of a small income, it is highly probable that you may have a large family and great difficulty in maintaining them. Your wife may be forced to become a domestic drudge; your children may have to sink to a social position beneath your own, and to receive an inferior education; life may become one long struggle against difficulties, in which all refinement, comfort, and independence may depart from your home. If you have the courage to face such dangers, well and good; but do not leave them out of account in a moment of passion. To do so is to be grossly unjust to your future wife and to deserve very ill of your friends and your country. Marriage, in short, is no exception to the ordinary principle which governs human affairs, that a man ought carefully to count the cost before he pledges himself to undertake very grave duties; and pecuniary evils, though we may affect to despise them, are really those which most frequently crush a man's whole strength and energy, and defeat his highest aspirations. But what, it may be said, is the good of insisting upon this? Who denies or doubts it? Would anybody say that marriage should be undertaken without regard to such considerations, unless he were writing a novel for school-girls, or proposing that we should return to savage life and listen to nothing but our animal instincts? The answer is, that though nobody may avow such principles explicitly, for people who obey them are not apt to be very clear-headed as to the meaning of their own advice, yet there is a very large and flourishing sect which supports them in a slightly disguised form, and which acts upon them with the utmost confidence and the worst possible consequences. Who does not know the typical curate, obliged to live like a gentleman on less than 150*l.* a-year, and to bring up a family of a dozen children? We are constantly receiving pathetic appeals in such cases, which throw a curious light upon the opinions prevalent amongst a large class of society. A poor man always thinks himself justified in begging when his pig dies, and a poor curate when his twelve children are born. The theory appears to be that the death of the pig or the birth of the twelve children is a special providential interference, which it was totally impossible for human intelligence to foresee. Pigs might, it would seem, be fairly expected to be immortal, and the marriages of poor curates to lead to none of those natural results which marriage is, we are told by the Church of England, intended to produce. Public opinion sees no absurdity in this sentiment. We are told that we are brutal, cynical, and profane if we ask why the man married before he saw his way to bringing up a family. The command "increase and multiply" is interpreted to mean that civilized beings are bound by a divine law to bring as many children into the world as they can, regardless of consequences. And all this time we are constantly listening to denunciations of the utter recklessness of our pauper population, and to proofs, only too unanswerable, that the poverty, and misery, and degradation which surround us are owing to the lower class putting in practice precisely the same lessons which their monitors are illustrating in a higher sphere. Anybody could probably name amongst his acquaintances some startling illustrations of the tendency of such teaching. He could point to men of education, breaking down under the strain of continuous labour, and unable by their utmost

efforts to do more than live from hand to mouth; to their wives, losing all traces of refinement, and losing health and happiness under the ceaseless wear and tear of the servitude imposed upon them; and then too often there comes a crash; the father perhaps dies, and a dozen orphans are turned loose upon the world, to be squeezed into asylums by a system of begging-letters, or gradually to sink out of sight amongst the masses of thrifless do-nothings and good-for-nothings by whom we are surrounded. The story of the Vicar of Wakefield is repeated with a difference; the vicar is a stupid, shiftless person, who loses all sense of self-respect and all spirit of independence; no fortune drops in from the clouds at the last pages of the novel of real life, and Miss Olivia and Master Moses and their brothers and sisters are sent abroad to take their chance in a world for which nobody has endeavoured to give them a tolerable training. If by good luck they keep their heads above water, they will consider it a solemn duty to multiply their kind as fast as possible, and all the warm-hearted, sympathetic persons who hate a cynic will rejoice at their courage, and declare in various forms that noble axiom, that when Providence brings mouths into the world it provides the means of filling them. The true statement would be, that when men bring mouths into the world, Providence disposes of them somehow, but whether by filling them or not is a question which depends materially on the foresight of the parents.

When we venture to call attention to these obvious facts, and to the senseless refusal to admit them which English society has managed to erect into a principle, we are told that we consider marriage as a luxury. In certain respects it is a luxury. It is a very pleasant thing under favourable circumstances; and nobody ought to indulge in it who has not a fair prospect of being able to pay for it and its consequences. But we do not hold it to be a luxury in the sense of being useless or demoralizing. On the contrary, there is much to be said for it, which on due occasion we may endeavour to put forward. At present, however, the British public seem to take precisely the opposite view. They appear to be so far from thinking marriage to be a luxury, that they hold it to be a necessary; every young man or woman of marriageable age is bound to marry as soon as he or she has money enough to pay for a licence; and the popular teachers of the time are never tired of denouncing poor old Malthus, and calling any appeal to prudential motives by every hard name in their gushing vocabulary. We venture to say, Before you marry have a reasonable prospect that you can maintain your wife and children in your own position in life; if people systematically neglect that precaution, it is as evident as anything can be short of a mathematical theorem that the degree of comfort and refinement attained by the nation will have a tendency to decline; and for the simple reason, that civilized human beings think it right to act as if they were savages. We shall venture, as occasion serves, to point out the flimsiness of the various pretty pretences under which the true nature of the popular advice is disguised, and a recommendation to act without the slightest reference to the future comfort of yourself, your wife, and your children, is made to wear the aspect of a lofty moral teaching; and we have no doubt we shall be regarded as brutal cynics for our pains. We can bear it.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

TO-MORROW will see the formal accomplishment of the severance between Church and State in Ireland decreed in 1869. The existence of the Irish Church as an Establishment ends with the present year. The commendable activity of Irish Churchmen has anticipated the change, and the Disestablished Church will start on its new career with a complete organization of its own. This fact supplies a complete answer to the alarmists who predicted that the difficulty of framing a constitution would prove too great for a voluntary Association, and blamed the Government for not taking the task upon itself. A very slight study of the debates in the Irish Church Convention will show how surely such a policy would have defeated its own end. The criticism with which the draft constitution proposed by the Committee was received would have been applied with immeasurably greater severity to a ready-made constitution imposed on the Church by the very Legislature which had disestablished it. The first thought of many, probably of a majority, in the Convention would have been to pull down the organization provided for them, and no device of Parliament, short of virtual re-establishment, could have availed to prevent them from having their way. As it is, the new constitution is in substance as nearly identical with the old as the difference of circumstances will allow, and any attempt to ensure this result by legislative action would certainly have ended in the adoption of a far less conservative policy.

At the same time we have not much expectation that the action of the Irish Church will long continue to be marked by this character. The first step in the opposite direction was taken by the appointment, by the late Convention, of a Committee "to consider whether, without making such alterations in the Liturgy or Formularies of our Church as would involve or imply a change in her doctrines, any measure can be suggested calculated to check the introduction and spread of novel doctrines and practices opposed to the principles of our Reformed Church; and to report to the General Synod in 1871." The real extent of this

commission may hardly be recognised at the first glance. In a letter addressed to the Lord Primate, Mr. Beresford Hope has shown very clearly that the limitation, "without making such alterations in the Liturgy or Formularies of our Church as would involve or imply a change in her doctrines," empowers the Committee to propose for the formal acceptance of the Irish Church any alteration of the Prayer Book or Articles which it may declare to be unorthodox. Such a limitation as this is in effect no limitation at all. No alteration in the Prayer Book upon which a majority of the Committee have set their hearts will be regarded by them as involving or implying a change in doctrine. The words, "introduction and spread of novel doctrines and practices opposed to the principles of our Reformed Church," may be assumed to be aimed at the Ritualists; but the very point upon which Ritualists and anti-Ritualists are at issue is, what is the doctrine of "our Reformed Church" upon the questions in dispute? Will, for example, the omission from the Baptismal Service of the words which appear to assert the unconditional regeneration of baptized infants be an alteration involving or implying a change in doctrine? Most certainly, says the High Churchman, it will be such an alteration, since it will be a virtual repudiation of a doctrine held by the whole Catholic Church. Not at all, says the Low Churchman, it will be merely the excision of a few misunderstood phrases which have hitherto seemed to make the Reformed Church contradict an essential article in that body of Protestant truth which she exists to maintain and propagate. So again with the words in the Ordination Service and the Service for the Visitation of the Sick which seem to give the priest the power of absolution. The question whether the Committee are authorised by the terms of their appointment to propose the omission of these passages must be decided by the view taken of the position of the Christian ministry in the Anglican Communion. The Low Churchman denies that there is any proper priesthood in the Reformed Church, and consequently he is quite consistent when he affirms that anything in the Prayer Book which seems to recognise its existence is merely an accidental inconsistency which may be removed without affecting doctrine. But to the High Churchman it is of the last importance to maintain that the Reformation made no break in the legitimate succession of validly ordained priests, and he will therefore assert with equal consistency that any alteration which tends to obscure or contradict this great truth involves a serious interference with the doctrine of the Prayer Book. The same reasoning might be applied to every matter upon which the Committee will have to pronounce. The majority will first determine that this or that doctrine they dislike is "novel" and "opposed to the principles of our Reformed Church," and from this it will be an easy step to the conclusion that any alteration in the Prayer Book which tends to make the fact of this opposition more unmistakable is an alteration which is not excluded by the limitation which prohibits them from proposing any doctrinal change.

From the point of view taken by Mr. Beresford Hope, there is great force in his appeal to Irish Churchmen not to destroy the identity which has hitherto existed between the Irish and English formularies. He avows that his object "is the maintenance, unbroken and unweakened, of the strictest alliance" between the two Churches. He argues very convincingly that this alliance can only be secured by the Irish Church continuing in harmony with the general religious tone of the majority of "educated and religious-minded Churchmen in England, especially of that landed class with whom in particular the lay leaders of Irish Church opinion are likely to come in contact. The Churchmanship of this class is undoubtedly one of moderation. Their type of worship is a system of decorous solemnity. . . . The ceremonial which best represents their feelings is that of the Prayer Book as worked in an elastic spirit, and adapted to the special circumstances of each locality. . . . To persons of their temperament a Prayer Book which they can accept as a whole, and by inheritance, is the instrument which best suits their fulfilment of religious duties, practical and devotional. A book, in the formation of which in person or by implication they would be participants, and for which they would have to give a reason, would simply embarrass and repel them. While the English and Irish Prayer Books remain the same, they need no deeper reason for sympathizing with and aiding the Irish Church. Once introduce a difference, and you have thrown upon them to seek why they should continue to sympathize, and upon the Irish Church to meet that search with adequate arguments." No doubt Mr. Beresford Hope is right in anticipating that if this section of English Churchmen has to discover a reason for giving its sympathy to the Irish Church, it will be likely to withdraw it altogether. We question, however, whether this prospect will seem very terrible in the eyes of Irish Protestants. They may be inclined perhaps to inquire whether this sympathy will be of much advantage to them, supposing that they retain it undiminished. The Scottish Episcopalians, they may say, present exactly that sober and decorous aspect for which "educated and religious-minded Churchmen in England, especially of the landed class," entertain so decided a preference; but it is difficult to see that they have derived any especial benefit from the sympathy which this sobriety and decorum ought to have gained for them. Nor will it be enough that Irish Protestants should make it their object to conciliate this special type of Churchmanship. Like loves like, and if the type is to be won in England, it must first be reproduced in Ireland. We doubt whether in the

latter country the conditions necessary for such a reproduction are to be found. The peculiar religious character of which Mr. Beresford Hope speaks is largely due to the possession by the Church of England of two characteristics neither of which exists in Ireland. It is an Established Church, and it is a Church of equally-balanced parties. An established religion will always have attractions for sober and decorous religionists, because its connexion with the State ensures a degree of stability and moderation which it is difficult to obtain with equal certainty by any other means. They accept the Church as they find it, and they know that no action on their part will be needed to keep it as they have found it. In a voluntary Church they have no guarantee of this sort. If there is any desire for change on the part of any other section of its members, the moderate party must trust to their own efforts to prevent this desire from working itself out successfully. Their position is not maintained for them as it is in England; it has to be maintained by them. This will in future be the case with the Irish Church, and it is easy to see that such a state of things will be highly unfavourable to the growth of the specially English type of Churchmanship. Again, the continuance of the English Prayer Book for more than three centuries without substantial alteration implies an equality of impetus and resistance in various directions. Mr. Beresford Hope's experience as a member of the Ritual Commission must have shown him the impossibility of making a single change of importance without its offending more persons than it pleases. The High Churchman, the Low Churchman, the Broad Churchman, all wish to see the Prayer Book modified in some respects, but any two of them will almost always be found opposed to the particular modifications desired by the third. This fact gives the moderate party, which dislikes all change whatsoever, an immense additional advantage. The connexion with the State retains the three parties in one Church, and the retention of the three parties in one Church implies that none of them shall gain a substantial victory over the others. Where is this nice balance of forces in the Irish Church?

UNHISTORICAL PRETENSIONS.

THREE is something amusing in the way in which people who commonly live either wholly in the past or wholly in the present begin to look at the unfamiliar side of things whenever accident drives them out of their own particular corners to take a more general view of the world's history. One side of the picture has been drawn often enough. We have all seen painted, and painted commonly in caricature, the Dryasdust awakening from his dream of past ages to the realities of the time in which he himself lives. But if the lions may now and then be allowed to be painters, the other side may easily be put in a light which is no less amusing in itself, though the amusement may not be shared by so many. Ever and anon questions arise in which it is impossible to understand the present state of things without a large amount of reference to the past. It might perhaps not be too much to say that this is in some degree true of all questions whatever; but it is certain that there are questions of which it is true in a much higher degree than of others. One of these questions is the great question of the present moment, the relations between Germany and France. The warfare which is now going on has its roots in the very beginnings of modern European history. Without going back at least to the ninth century, it is hopeless fully to understand the causes of the strife which, with but slight intermissions, has been going on ever since. Nine hundred years ago men were fighting about Lotharingia and the frontier of the Rhine, and the descendants of the men who fought about them then are fighting about them now. Just as the internal history of France, or at least of Paris, reads like the same story in the fourteenth century and in the eighteenth, so, if we wish to see the earlier stages of the campaign of 1870 fitted with the names of a different set of actors, we have only to read the annals of the year 976. And the two distant epochs which so closely reproduce one another have the long gap between them filled up with a chain of events which serve more or less directly to connect them. People who have very little knowledge of the details of this long history have still an instinctive notion that the quarrel is not a new one. If they cannot trace the matter up to its earliest beginnings, they can at least go back to the harrying of the Palatinate, perhaps even to the seizure of the Three Bishoprics. When an Imperial Crown of Germany is offered to the King of Prussia, it is so plain that this is a business with which the past has some concern that everybody at once rushes into the past to seize upon his analogy. The great Mr. Russell honours the matter with some of his finest writing and some of his deepest research, and we bow, if in perplexity yet in silence, to the astounding discovery that it is the chief of the Hohenstaufens who was the first to propose the late offer of the Empire to the chief of the Hohenzollerns. People who, without being genuine historical students, know better than this, such as the unquestionably clever writer who deals with matters of this kind in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are apt to look at the historical question in a somewhat different light. They look with jealousy on the historical treatment of the matter in any shape. And this jealousy is not wholly unreasonable. We have more than once pointed out that the present war is really owing in no small degree to mistaken views of history. It could hardly have arisen if generation after generation of Frenchmen had not

been bred up in historical delusions about the frontier of the Rhine. And it is perfectly fair for a wary man to be on his guard against delusions from the other side also. But the jealousy of which we speak sometimes takes very odd shapes. The *Pall Mall* writer, for instance, told us some days back with charming simplicity that "it would even appear as if correct views of the mode in which the French monarchy developed itself, and of the manner in which the Roman Empire was continued, were apt to create a strong partisanship on the German side in the present quarrel." No doubt in some sense it does. People who know the history—that is, who do not simply know the names and the dates, but who carry the story about with them as a living thing—will understand better than other people the true nature of that long series of French encroachments which Germany has at last arisen to check. So far as Germany takes measures to check those encroachments, and to hinder them for the future, and so far as it does not go beyond such measures as are needful for the purposes of checking and hindering, so far persons who have these correct views will of necessity be stronger partisans of Germany than persons who hold incorrect views—persons, for instance, who fancy that France has an eternal claim to the left bank of the Rhine. But if persons who hold these correct views are led by holding them to become strong partisans of Germany, it is simply because these correct views of the past make them in some points better able to understand the facts of the present. They see better than others that a system of aggression which has gone on, whenever there has been a chance, for the *Times*' favourite period of a thousand years—which has gone on, we may say, uninterruptedly for more than three hundred years—is a thing more to be dreaded than if it had only begun yesterday. But it is ridiculous to say that anybody has contracted a prejudice against France simply because France has "advanced unhistorical pretensions." Frenchmen might go on to the end of time claiming Charles the Great as a Frenchman, and giving French names to all the cities of Germany, if that were all that came of it. We should laugh at the unhistorical pretensions, but we should not see in them any political mischief. The delusion might be politically as harmless as the delusion of that large sect among ourselves who fancy that Arthur was an English champion, and that Hengest and Cerdic were something quite different from Englishmen. It is not simply because France advances unhistorical pretensions, but because those unhistorical pretensions have led to the gravest practical results, because those pretensions have directly caused a long series of aggressions and a general disturbance of Europe, that those who know the real history of France and Germany are inclined to side with Germany rather than with France in the present war.

The *Pall Mall* writer goes on still more amusingly to say, "The parallel seems to us to be wrongly drawn, even if it be worth drawing. The true comparison is between the growth of the French monarchy and the growth of the Prussian monarchy." We do not exactly know what the parallel referred to is, but the analogy between the growth of France and the growth of Prussia, between the position of France in Gaul and the position of Prussia in Germany, is our own pet analogy which we have made over and over again till for our own part we are beginning to get tired of it. Here, however, as not uncommonly happens in the ebb and flow of human affairs, our own analogy is trotted out against us as something just found out for the first time. The growth of France and the growth of Prussia have undoubtedly much in common, and there is no doubt that parts of the dominions of both have been won by what the *Pall Mall* writer may, if he chooses, not unfairly call "stealage." But we do not quite see what this proves as to the matter in hand. The analogy between France and Prussia is simply that both are instances of the law by which, among several neighbouring and kindred States feudally or federally connected, some one commonly rises to a predominance over its fellows. But there is this difference between the two cases, that unhistorical pretensions have had a good deal to do with the stealage on the part of France, while they have had very little to do with the stealage on the part of Prussia. Add to this that our main charge against France is that the Parisian Kings not merely absorbed the territories of their own vassals, but swallowed up vast dominions with which they had nothing to do. Prussia has undoubtedly something to answer for on this latter count, but much less than France. It was a matter of purely internal concern when Bourges or Amiens became subject to the same master as Paris, or when this or that German Duchy or Bishopric was inherited, conquered, or purchased by Brandenburg or Prussia, as we may choose to call it. Elsass and Posen, Savoy and Sleswick, are indeed different stories. But the Polish and Danish territories now held by Prussia fill a small space on the map compared with the vast German, Burgundian, and Flemish territories which have been absorbed by France.

Now we need not say that we are not defenders or partisans of Prussia as Prussia. We do not know any Englishman who is. The case lies, not between France and Prussia, but between France and Germany. And it is certain that France has committed a long series of aggressions upon Germany, mainly under cover of the unhistorical pretensions of which the *Pall Mall* writer speaks. It is another question what the policy of the revived German Empire is likely to be, whether warlike or peaceful. One thing is certain, that if the "Kaiser in Deutschland" should seek to annex Italy or any other part of the world, on the strength of its having been held by the "Römischer Kaiser," his pretensions will be unhistorical indeed. It would be more to the purpose to remember that the first Parisian King became the man of the "Rex Ger-

maniae" at a time when he was still only "Rex Germaniae," and had not yet grown into "Romanorum Imperator." Dr. Pauli, in his lectures at Edinburgh, assures us that nothing will be more peaceful towards all its neighbours than the united Germany of the future. And certainly, if knowledge of what has been can enable a man to foresee what is to be, Dr. Pauli has every claim to be listened to as a sure prophet. But another voice, at all events a louder voice, has spoken with great emphasis on the other side. The Special Correspondent of the *Times* tells us, with the authority of one who is used to lay down the law, "I do not know in history any instance of a peaceful Empire established by force of arms." We know our place; we know how much more is implied when Mr. Russell's historical researches cannot find an instance of a thing than if it were merely our own researches, or even the researches of Dr. Pauli, which were at fault. Mr. Russell, we know, has free access to sources which are not opened either to us or Dr. Pauli—to those sources, for instance, which record the latest dealings between the Houses of Hohenstaufen and Hohenzollern. We put in our word with all humility, especially as we are not very eager to dispute Mr. Russell's general proposition. Very few Empires in this wicked world have been peaceful, and very few Empires have been established otherwise than by force of arms. It is therefore not very wonderful if there should be few or no instances in which peaceful Empires have been established by force of arms. Yet it is perhaps worth remembering that the "Pax Romana," of which a large portion of the world boasted for several ages, was the result of an Empire established by force of arms. Mr. Russell has been told by some one "that the German races are averse from war." "I look," he answers, "for the proofs in the past, and I find them not." The picture of Mr. Russell looking for proofs, turning over his Pertz and his Böhmer amid all the excitements of Versailles in December 1870, is something appalling to the ordinary student. We feel that the race of giants has not wholly vanished from the earth. Such giants have perhaps a privilege to be vague; at any rate there is a slight smack of vagueness about the words "the German races." They might be taken in such a sense as to include a much larger portion of Europe than the new Emperor is likely to reign over. Our sad experience of history certainly is that there are very few races of which we should like positively to say that they are averse to war. But Mr. Russell will not persuade us that the military passions beat, as a rule, so strongly in the German heart as they do in the French.

One thing more. There are some statements against which we cannot argue, and which make us simply gaze in silent wonder. Such is the repeated and emphatic assertion of the *Pall Mall* writer that "the Austrian Empire, in spite of two violent breaks in its pedigree, is still the most legitimate descendant of the Roman Empire," and, more emphatically still, that "the genuine representative of the Roman Empire at this moment is the Empire of Austria." For the King of Hungary, the chosen, crowned, and anointed chief of the Hungarian nation, we have every respect. But the sooner His Apostolic Majesty throws away his sham eagle, and betakes himself to his evident mission as chief and champion of South-Eastern Christendom, the better for himself and for Europe.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

TIME will show whether the Circular of Prince Gortchakoff, in which Russia arbitrarily assumes the right of aggression in the Black Sea, is a blunder of personal government, an error of *trop de zèle* in diplomacy, or a victorious restoration of Russian influence in the East. The manner may have been chosen because it is insulting, and because, though it looked very like a *causus belli*, there is little chance under existing circumstances of its causing war. The assumption that the despotic power of the Czar entitles him to unmake the law of Europe, because he makes the laws of Russia, has received a judicious refutation from Lord Granville. The arbitrary repudiation of the restrictions which Russia accepted in the Treaty of 1856 might indeed be treated as a direct menace to the peace of Europe, for, by a second treaty, signed on the 15th April, England, France, and Austria not only guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but declared expressly that any infringement of the stipulations of the Paris Treaty signed a fortnight before should be held to be a *causus belli*, and that these three Powers would immediately concert with the Sublime Porte the manner in which their naval and military forces should be employed. It is Prince Gortchakoff's object to nullify this particular Treaty of the 15th April, as much as to repudiate the general Treaty of the 30th March, 1856. Yet the full purport of the Circular must probably be sought in that part which announces that Russia, in revising the treaty, would approve of new concessions to the Christian subjects of the Sultan. That clause of the despatch is addressed to the public opinion of Oriental Orthodoxy, and proclaims that Russia is ready to resume the protection of the Christians in Turkey, whose agitation has been suppressed, and whose rights have been neglected ever since they were placed under the protection of the Western Powers. The Russian Empire now resumes its traditional policy, and as the Czar is placed by the adoration of his Orthodox subjects above all laws, Eastern Christians must be grateful to him for placing himself by his own authority, even at the risk of war, above any international obligations that restrict his power as protector of Greek Orthodoxy and Slavonic progress. The agents of Russia leave the Greeks and

Slavonians to infer that England and Turkey have been challenged to the field, and have not dared to accept the challenge. They proclaim to a favourable audience that Russia is prepared to risk a war for the purpose of recovering the authority to intermeddle in the internal affairs of Turkey of which she was deprived by the Crimean war. This attempt of the Russian Cabinet to make political capital for the exclusive profit of the Czar can be frustrated by Europe undertaking to revise the Treaty of Paris, so as to afford more extensive guarantees for civil, religious, and commercial liberty in Turkey than now exist in Russia, united to strong governmental powers for maintaining order. The infraction of this treaty by Russia, although it is declared to be a *casus belli* by the subsequent treaty in April, does not oblige England to enforce it alone. The interests of Great Britain are not so directly affected as to make war necessary, even should Russia think fit to expend all the money she borrows in England to construct railways, in purchasing iron-clad frigates in America. Diplomatic insults may be treated with scorn until Russia threatens to attack Constantinople.

The Eastern question now means the progress of the history of the Ottoman Empire, and the most important step towards its solution is to secure better government for the subjects of the Sultan, both Christian and Mussulman. The improvement in the condition of the Christians must be accelerated by civil institutions calculated to diminish the influence of Russian agitators who incessantly assert that the Government of the Porte is incompatible with an equitable administration, and that the power of the Czar alone can secure order among the multifarious elements of disorder in European Turkey, and particularly in the cosmopolitan city of Constantinople. Greek agitators, on the other hand, proclaim that the revolutionary principles of Hellenism can alone give true liberty to the East, and that the Hellenic Kingdom is only momentarily turned aside from the accomplishment of its mission by its bankruptcy, its temporary struggle with anarchy, and its present war with brigandage. There is another view that Europe may adopt. The extension of education, the development of local improvements, and the equitable administration of justice may save European Turkey from the bigoted despotism of Russia and the tyrannical anarchy of the modern Greeks. But to effect this result the Porte must be taught how to use intellectual progress and religious liberty as better defensive weapons than armies and iron-clads. The termination of the war between Germany and France will initiate great changes in the East as well as the West. German steamers will soon run regularly from Passau to Constantinople, and direct trains from Berlin to Bucharest; and German colonists by their industry and capital may people the waste lands and develop the agricultural resources of Turkey, instead of emigrating to America.

The neutrality of the Black Sea and the restrictions on the aggressive power of the Russian Government were adopted as part of the international law of Europe with a view of defending Constantinople, not of humbling Russia. The articles of the Treaty of Paris which the Czar assumes authority to annul are—1, The neutralization of the Black Sea; 2, the prohibition to form arsenals and dockyards on its coasts; and 3, the stipulation that the separate Convention between Russia and Turkey fixing the number of the ships of war they are to maintain in the Black Sea shall not be modified without the consent of the other Powers that are parties to the treaty. The Czar abrogates these clauses because he has arrived at a personal conviction that the restrictions they impose on his absolute power in his own dominions are unjust. He cannot protect his coasts while the Sultan, if he too defied all Europe and set the obligations of treaties at defiance, would have an unlimited power of sending fleets from the Bosphorus to invade the Russian Empire. The limitation of the defensive power of Russia has become dangerous in consequence of the changes that have taken place in naval armaments since 1856. These facts authorize the Czar to resume his powers of aggression against Turkey, and of maintaining "inflated armaments" that will place Constantinople at his mercy. Russia has undoubtedly a right to ask that the restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Paris should be annulled, on the general ground that every State ought to be left free to do what it thinks fit within its own territory. How far the general interests of Europe warrant treaties for restraining the unlimited power of one State to injure a weak neighbour is another question. The restrictions placed on the power of the Czar curtail his imperial autocracy in the eyes of the Orthodox world, and have taught Oriental Christians that civilized society can enact laws strong enough to bind the Orthodox Emperor to keep the peace, at least for a time.

The alarm of Prince Gortchakoff lest the dominions of the Emperor of All the Russias should be attacked by the naval forces of the Sultan issuing from the Bosphorus up-stream are suggestive of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. The defenceless condition of Russia and the aggressive power of Turkey are new features of the Eastern question. The Russian coasts of the Black Sea contain many fine ports in which the largest navies could ride at anchor in perfect security, and from which the largest expeditions could issue at all seasons to invade Turkey and besiege the Sultan in his capital. On the other hand, the coasts of Turkey, both in Europe and Asia, do not offer a single safe harbour of refuge for an Ottoman fleet. Constantinople is the only port where Turkey can keep a naval force; and by annulling the neutrality of the Black Sea, Russia assumes the power of attacking Constantinople whenever a favourable opportunity is found. In the meantime the Russian Cabinet calculates on stopping the

progress of internal improvements in Turkey by diverting the Sultan's attention from the subject, and exciting him to waste the resources of the Ottoman Empire on abortive efforts to keep pace with the armaments of Russia.

Russia cannot resume her traditional policy by openly advancing a claim to be the sole protector of the Sultan's Orthodox subjects. But she can use the claim covertly to excite agitation, and to persuade Greeks, Bulgarians, and South Slavonians that she is prevented from advancing their interests by the envy and malice of the Western Powers, Catholic and Protestant. Every one acquainted with the provinces of European Turkey knows that men acting as Russian and Greek political missionaries are always actively at work exciting feelings of hostility to the Sultan's Government in the minds of his subjects of the Greek Church. They avail themselves of every opportunity to revive discussions on the rights of the Christians, and seize all occasions of thwarting the progress of reform. Though the Russian despatch only annuls the restrictions on the aggressive power of Russia, theoretically it enables all the political missionaries of revolution to put forward her claim to be the sole protector of the Eastern Christians. An easy victory is gained over the Sultan, who cannot go to war to enforce the observance of the Convention; and over England, which has no more right to act alone, for the purpose of enforcing the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, than the Emperor of Russia has to annul them by his own personal act.

Several circumstances have changed the aspect of the Eastern question since the Treaty of Paris, and have improved the political position of the Ottoman Empire; and though they weigh little against the increased strength of Russia, they ought not to be overlooked. One of these is the formation of the quasi-independent State and thoroughly independent nationality of Roumania, between Turkey and Russia, of which Prince Gortchakoff complains. By the 21st Article of the Treaty of Paris the small piece of territory at the mouth of the Danube which separates Turkey from Russia was annexed to Moldavia, at that time a weak State over which the Russian Cabinet could exercise great influence. It was natural that Russia should oppose both the union of Moldavia with Wallachia, which created the Rouman Principality, and the election of a German prince, which secured to the new State a better position in Europe. The primary object of the Treaty of Paris was to consolidate peace by obtaining for Moldavia and Wallachia a political organization that would put an end to Russian interference in their internal affairs, and enable the Rouman nationality to remove the obstacles raised to impede its progress by Pan-Slavism and Hellenism. This object has been attained, and the Porte is a great gainer by the transformation of two weak dependencies, under the practical protection of the Czar and only the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, into an autonomous principality under the guarantee of the public law of Europe.

Religious opinion is the strongest social power in the dominions of the Sultan and the Czar, and when the minds of the people are awakened to inquire their attention is first directed to religious questions. In no part of the East were religious abuses greater than in the Rouman Principality. The Greek Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, who were Christian Pashas with the vices both of despots and slaves, enriched a foreign clergy, and granted large endowments to foreign monasteries, until an eighth of the soil was in the hands of Greek monks. In 1862 the disputes concerning the Moldo-Wallachian convents became a feature of the Eastern question that troubled the tranquillity of the Porte. The rights of the Rouman nation and Government, and the interests of the clergy and of Russian diplomacy, were opposed. The Greek monks have always been active political missionaries of Russia, and for some time the pretensions of the Greek clergy received support from the blind conservatism of the Porte and from the tardy wisdom of British diplomacy. But in 1863 the Rouman Government brought the question to a successful termination by ordering the revenues of the foreign convents to be paid into the national treasury, and the violence of the ecclesiastical party rendered a general measure necessary for the secularization of monastic property. A law to that effect was adopted by the Chamber, the votes being 97 to 3, and the Archbishop of Bucharest in publishing this decision added, "As the chief shepherd of the Church of Roumania, I invoke the blessing of heaven on the labours of the Government and the Chamber." The conduct of the Greeks converted this ecclesiastical dispute into a national quarrel. The Roumane gave up the use of the Greek language and returned to the use of the Rouman language in their Liturgy, and in 1865 the national Church of Roumania became completely independent. A national Synod pronounced it self-governed, and independent of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, like the other Orthodox Churches of Greece, Montenegro, Russia, and Austria, which are in communion of faith and unity of doctrine. The national victory gained in these religious questions established the independence of Roumania on the firmest basis. It is painful to find English diplomacy, in the discussions relative to the ecclesiastical questions of the Principality, usually interpreting treaties and protocols in the sense most adverse to the cause of religious liberty. Neither English diplomats nor Ottoman statesmen had then learned that the national feelings and intellectual progress of the Christians in Turkey can be rendered a stronger barricade against Russian aggression than fleets and armies.

It is of some importance towards the just appreciation of the present proceedings of Russia, to notice several previous attempts that she has made to recover the influence in Turkey which she lost

by the Treaty of Paris. In 1860 Prince Gortchakoff arrested the attention of the European Powers by one of those able State papers which will connect his name inseparably with the Eastern question. He represented the Sultan's Government as a system of Mussulman oppression, and asserted that a general insurrection of the Christians was prevented only by the prudent counsels of Russia. The five Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris were invited to make a common declaration that they would no longer tolerate the proceedings of the Ottoman Government, and that the Porte must organize a scheme of administration that secured efficient protection to its Christian subjects; otherwise Prince Gortchakoff did not hesitate to say that it would be difficult to prevent new complications in Turkey from disturbing the peace of Europe. The time selected for making this strong declaration was a period of trouble in Western Europe, and on several subjects the views of England and France were not in accord. There was undoubtedly some truth in Prince Gortchakoff's despatch, and France enjoyed the embarrassment it caused to England. The religious hostilities in Turkey had been roused to activity by the Crimean War, and the guarantees for the rights of the Christians embodied in the Hatt-Humayoun were too far in advance of Turkish intelligence at the time to be immediately enforced. The reforms in the administration of justice were negligently conducted, and the intervention of the Powers that guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire was justified by facts. The Porte had little power against Mussulman opinion, and the pride of a long dominant class was irritated by a sense of declining authority. The Slavonians, Bulgarians, and Albanians of the Mussulman faith, and the Greek Mohammedans in Crete, generally exercised their power, when landlords, in a tyrannical manner against their Christian countrymen, and the Ottoman agents of the central Government had little power or disposition to restrain them. The insolent conduct of Greek and Ionian agitators, who were actively at work to excite insurrections among the subject Christians, also increased the difficulty the Porte found in its endeavours to raise the power of the law above religious influences. The well-timed despatch of Prince Gortchakoff produced great results.

In order to avert the direct interference of the Christian Powers, the Porte undertook to investigate the grounds of the complaints made by the Christians, and the Grand Vizier, Mehemet Kyprisi Pasha, undertook a voyage of discovery to ascertain how his provincial administration worked in practice, and what were the best means of remedying its imperfections. This device to evade a searching inquiry could not blind even the most friendly diplomacy to its futility. The Grand Vizier was, however, the first to indicate a cause of discontent which the principle of nationalities was actively engaged in strengthening. He pointed out the origin of the Bulgarian question, which had not previously attracted the attention of the Western Powers. This question has now wrought great civil and ecclesiastical changes in the internal administration of European Turkey, and its ultimate operation is still incomplete. The Grand Vizier ascertained that the misconduct and rapacity of the Greek Bishops and higher ecclesiastics were driving the Bulgarian people to revolt, and the Bulgarian clergy to form a separate ecclesiastical nationality.

But by far the most important answer to this Russian demonstration was given by the inquiry instituted by the British Government to ascertain the truth concerning the condition of the Christians in Turkey. Sir Henry Bulwer, then Her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, addressed a Circular to the British Consuls in the Ottoman dominions, inviting them to answer a series of questions, and to report generally concerning the position of the Christians. The Reports were presented to Parliament, and gave publicity to a mass of information that was immediately recognised as containing more accurate data than the Muscovite and Athenian sources from which the European press had previously drawn its knowledge. These Consular Reports exposed the Russian exaggerations and the Greek falsehoods which had been actively circulated, but at the same time they stated plainly that the civil administration of the Ottoman Empire required reform, that the financial administration in the provinces was both oppressive and corrupt, that the poorer classes suffered great fiscal extortions both from Mussulman Beys and Greek Primates, and that the administration of justice was everywhere extremely defective. The difficulties were manifestly of too complicated a nature to be immediately overcome by any Government. Five different nations, speaking different languages, were sometimes found inhabiting the same province, and four of these nations were again subdivided by differences of religion into two hostile communities. Bulgarian, Slavonian, Albanian, and Greek Mussulmans form a numerous body of landlords in provinces where the majority of their countrymen are Christians. The insurrections in Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, and Crete were usually caused by native extortion more than by Turkish oppression. Slavonian, Bulgarian, and Albanian Beys combined with Greek Primates, bishops, and money-lenders to paralyse the feeble efforts of the Ottoman central Government to restrain them. They employed the municipal authority with which they were invested as a means of extorting money from the people, Christian and Mussulman alike; and they often collected for themselves a greater amount of revenue than was paid by their district to the Porte. Some facts honourable to the social morality of the Mussulmans came to light amidst their vices. The conversions of Christian women, which caused a great outcry on the part of Russians and Greeks, were found to be generally caused by the marriage of girls who had entered Mussulman families of the same nationality as servants or

seamstresses, and who forsook their religion to marry sons or relatives of the family they had entered. The aristocratic feelings of Mussulmans are confined to beauty in women and wealth in men.

The general result of the Russian attempt to recover influence by reviving the Eastern question in 1860 was to direct the attention of all Europe to the abortive efforts of revolutionists to produce an insurrection of the Christians in Bulgaria, and to reveal the infamous manner in which the promoters of agitation in the East use brigandage as a means of disturbing the Government, whether it be in Turkey or Greece. Feelings of discontent were undoubtedly prevalent among the Christians, and grounds of complaint were numerous; but many of these were directed against men and practices that were as obnoxious to the Sultan's Government as to the feelings and interests of his subjects, and there was no thought of a general insurrection, for the people looked rather to the Porte than to Russia for reform. Eventually an insurrection in Poland diverted the attention of the Russian Cabinet from its efforts to revive the Eastern question by insurrections in Turkey.

In 1866 the West of Europe was disturbed by the war between Prussia and Austria. There was no unity of policy on the part of France and England, and the position of the Porte was one of considerable difficulty. The independence of Roumania and Servia was firmly established, and there was tranquillity in the North, but the foreign countenance given to the insurrection in Crete threatened to dismember the Empire. Russia felt severely the shock that her influence had received by the election of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern to the throne of Roumania, and the diminution of her power of interference by the abolition of the right of maintaining Mussulman garrisons in the Servian fortresses. Two centres of Christian Orthodoxy over which Russia could openly exercise no control were now established. In October 1866 Prince Gortchakoff, in a despatch to the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, declared that the Powers of Europe, by ratifying the election of a foreign prince to the throne of Roumania, had allowed the Treaty of Paris to become a dead letter.

The time appeared favourable for a second attempt on the part of Russia to re-establish her influence in Turkey, and Prince Gortchakoff opened an attack on the Porte by two remarkable documents, which were published as an appeal to the public opinion of Eastern Orthodoxy. The first, dated March 24, 1867, endeavoured to prove that Christians and Mussulmans cannot live together in peace under the Sultan's Government; that the Hatt-Humayoun of 1856 had done nothing towards improving the condition of the Christians; and that Turkey was threatened with a general revolt of the subject populations, the consequences of which might affect the peace of Europe. As a rejoinder to a boast of Lord Palmerston that no European Government had of late years made greater progress than that of Turkey, Prince Gortchakoff asserted, with about as much reason, that the experience of eleven years proved that the Hatt-Humayoun, which had been prematurely vaunted as a charter of liberty, was of no practical value. The second document was dated April 18, 1867. It proposed a new system of reform in Turkey which the Russian Cabinet recommended as a substitute for the measures adopted by the Porte. This plan of Russian reform was the more remarkable for the boldness of its destructive principles than for the wisdom of its constructive arrangements. It contemplated cutting up the Ottoman Empire into pieces by new geographical and ethnological divisions. The immediate effect would be to disorganize the existing administration of government without the prospect of any gain to commercial intercommunications or the development of agricultural industry. It was apparent that the first result of adopting the plan would be inextricable confusion, and a state of anarchy that might accelerate the dismemberment of the Empire. Prince Gortchakoff evidently miscalculated the amount of discontent that prevailed among the Christians in Turkey; he was deceived, as all men are who trust implicitly to servile agents and secret diplomacy. The ease with which the Porte suppressed the insurrections of the Mussulmans in Bosnia and of the Christians in Epirus shook the confidence of the world in the accuracy of the Russian views. The prudence with which the Ottoman Government conducted the war in Crete, and the moderation it displayed in its measures of pacification, demonstrated clearly the absolute falsehood of the reports which Russian and Greek agents had propagated for more than two years. When 40,000 Cretan Christians who had been instigated to emigrate to Greece returned voluntarily under the Ottoman Government, it became evident that the security for the rights of the Christians in Turkey made their condition better under the rule of the Sultan than under that of the King of the Hellenes.

In 1867, as previously in 1860, the British Government published Reports of Her Majesty's Consuls relating to the condition of the Christians in Turkey, and the public again found many of Prince Gortchakoff's exaggerations and much of his reasoning refuted by precise facts. The Porte again proved that it was far from being the incapable and tyrannical government of Prince Gortchakoff's imagination. The prudence and moderation with which the Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, who visited Crete in person, tranquillized the excited passions of the Greek Mussulmans and the armed Christians in the island, and the conciliatory basis on which he reorganized the administration in 1868, proved that the Porte can still exert some vigour in maintaining its independence and in upholding the integrity of the Empire. Perhaps it was now for the first time that there began to prevail a general conviction

in Europe that although great reforms are necessary in the political, social, and religious affairs of the Ottoman Empire, the cause of civil liberty and the maintenance of peace in the East are more likely, for the present at least, to gain by the continuance of the system adopted by the Porte than by the introduction of the wild administrative schemes proposed by Russia.

The Cretan insurrection proved that Russia and Greece are the only Powers that seek the immediate ruin of Turkey. The diplomatic blundering, internal misgovernment, abortive invasions of Thessaly and Epirus, and the prevalence of brigandage even in the Peloponnesus, have for the present completely destroyed the influence once possessed by the modern Greek nationality on the Eastern question. The decline of the political and ecclesiastical influence of Russia has also been made evident to the Eastern Christians by the failure of her policy with regard to Bulgaria and Crete, and she now resumes her aggressive position under circumstances which make some years necessary to enable her to recover the power she possessed in 1854. Even if she borrows money in England and buys ships in America, five or six years must elapse before she can construct an arsenal and fortify a port capable of containing a fleet suitable for attacking Constantinople. The traditions of Moscow, national gravitation, and Imperial ambition impel Russia southward; and Europe is called upon to determine how Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles can be effectually protected against a conquest that would prematurely arrest the progress of modern civilization eastward. The general interest of the civilized world would certainly gain by the Porte adopting such reforms as would secure order and justice to the various nations, and liberty to the hostile religious communities that inhabit European Turkey. It is through self-development that safe progress can alone be attained amidst such discordant elements.

Various opinions are now discussed concerning the solution of the Eastern question and the ultimate fate of Turkey. They deserve mention because they have many supporters, though for the present they have not much practical importance. 1. The oldest party is that which has long considered the conquest of Constantinople by the Russians as the inevitable end of the Ottoman Empire. This party puts its trust in force. 2. The most active revolutionary party was formed by the Greek War of Independence, and is composed entirely of modern Greeks and the few Albanians and Vallachs who have adopted Greek civilization and nationality. This party considers that the Hellenic Kingdom is a dispensation of Providence for the solution of the Eastern question, and expects it to expand into a new Byzantine Empire that will place Greeks, Bulgarians, South Slavonians, and Albanians under one Government and one Church, with Constantinople as the capital. This party puts its trust in rhetoric, and defies the principle of nationalities. 3. A growing but recently formed party, seeing the success of the Montenegrins, Servians, and Roumanians in establishing their independence, and observing the constantly increasing animosity of the Greeks and Bulgarians, looks to the formation of several independent States in European Turkey, by which the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire will be gradually effected and Constantinople declared a free city under European protection. This party takes delight in a multitude of dreams. 4. The last party, which is by far the most numerous, is formed by the conservative interests of those who have anything to lose by anarchy, and by the inertness of the masses. If we look even at the Greek nation, we find its ablest men actively engaged in the Ottoman service, or constantly supporting the Ottoman Government by lending it their money. True wisdom is believed by this party to lie in doing the work that must be done as well and as quickly as possible. The Porte, in their opinion, fears no immediate danger to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and this party has great confidence in the Porte. Such men do not trouble themselves with the question how and when it is necessary to yield to the spirit of the age. What may be the ultimate result of its reforms, what may be the effect of a conflict of nationalities and the dissimilarity of the feelings of the Christians and the Mussulmans, and how material progress and religious liberty may operate, are questions which this party considers as beyond human foresight. The schemes of the Russian Cabinet and the action of European diplomacy cover the future with impervious clouds.

A few general observations may be offered on the Eastern question without particular reference to the diplomatic complications in which it is involved by Prince Gortchakoff's Circular. Things are not now as they were in 1860. The West has made great progress in politics, the East has made some advances in political knowledge. The defects of the Sultan's Government obstruct the establishment of such an administration of justice as the progress of the Christians now makes an imperious necessity. The Porte must create tribunals having the power to dispense justice to Mussulmans and Christians alike, and both must be made to feel that they are equal in the eye of the law. The subject races have attained that intellectual condition in which men cannot be absolutely bound by laws framed in opposition to their feelings. The sentiment that justice is denied to them by their rulers is a principal source of the insubordination that now prevails in the Ottoman Empire and the Hellenic Kingdom. It is the interest of England to avert a catastrophe, and consequently to accelerate the completion of those guarantees for civil liberty which are the surest means of averting anarchy, and which are beyond the provision of the Sultan's Hatt-Humayoun. The Porte must be made sensible that the danger of neglecting to listen to the voice of the nations it governs is hourly increasing. A few years ago England

had no solid basis on which she could place her Eastern policy, except the support of the Ottoman Empire; but a great change has now taken place in the governments, nations, forces, men, and opinions that influence the Eastern question, and England must conform her policy to the change by making the progress of civil and religious liberty, the equitable administration of justice, and the warding off of anarchy, the foundation of her diplomacy at Constantinople. It is not very long since Turkey was at times our only sincere ally in the Mediterranean. The influence of popular institutions and a free press were regarded as a menace to arbitrary power, and hostile confederacy of Russia, France, and Austria required to be guarded against. A united Italy, a liberal Austro-Hungarian Empire, and a reviving Spain remove all danger of a combination to drive us out of the Mediterranean. So far, therefore, as selfish interests alone are concerned, it is no longer a matter of the same importance as formerly that the fleets of Russia should be denied ingress to the Archipelago from the Black Sea, and that our Eastern policy should repose on the defence of Turkey.

Russia has the merit of having been the first to awaken a spirit of inquiry and a demand for liberty among the Christian subjects of the Porte. It is now the true policy of England, as well as the duty imposed by treaty, to persuade the Sultan's Government to concede to the Bulgarians and other subject races those rights which their intellectual progress and material interests entitle them to ask for. Russia employs revolutionary agitation and insurrections as the agents of her policy in Turkey; England can do most towards frustrating revolutionary schemes for dismembering the Ottoman Empire by enforcing a policy of concession. When the transactions of the provincial population were few, and confined within a narrow sphere, the old system of deciding legal questions by Greek Bishops and Turkish Cadis produced no great inconvenience; but now that the transactions of the Christians are innumerable, and every day becoming more complex, and their communications extending both their wants and their experience, new guarantees for good government and better tribunals for the administration of justice are absolutely necessary. The contradictions that may present themselves in reconciling the sovereign authority of the Porte with the just rights of its Christian subjects must be removed by European diplomacy and new Hatt-Humayouns. The despotism of the Sultan, like every other despotism, is confronted by a spirit of independence which must be conciliated or forcibly compressed. And if a conflict were to ensue, there can be no doubt how the struggle would ultimately end. The political saturnalia of the Greeks during the last few years have enabled the Porte to proceed at its present slow rate of progress in reform. The most imminent danger to Turkey is that revolutionary agitation should create a chronic anarchy and a spirit of insubordination which might lead all Europe to regard a Russian conquest as a blessing. The policy of England ought to be directed to avert so great a calamity to the progress of civilization in the East.

ICE AND SNOW.

THE capricious climate of this country is a great deduction from the advantages of its insular position. It has been happily exempt thus far from the ravages of contending armies, but it forms a sort of battle-ground upon which the east wind from the Russian steppes, and the west wind from the Atlantic, strive for mastery. A change of wind from north-east to south-west causes within a few hours a change of thirty degrees in temperature, and converts frozen snow into black mud. Rich and poor, public authorities and private households, are always equally unprepared at the incoming of a severe frost. People who have wintered in Canada declare that they have never suffered so much from cold there as during a frost of unusual intensity in an ill-built house in England. For the special purpose of excluding cold very few houses in England are well built. They can be warmed only imperfectly and at great expenditure of fuel, and with grates as they were formerly constructed this expenditure was enormous. The government of our large towns always breaks down in a severe frost, and the difficulty of getting rid of a fall of snow remains insuperable. Machines without number are invented for every variety of agricultural operation, but we suppose that, if any attempt were made to remove snow from the streets of London, there would be no improvement on the primitive method of shovelling it into a cart. It has hitherto been difficult to say where a cart when filled with snow is to be emptied, but perhaps the completion of the Embankment may enable it to be shot into the Thames. There are now good roads to the waterside, and there can be no possible objection to giving to the river at once that which must ultimately reach it. The impediment to London traffic caused by a deep fall of snow must be worth a large sum daily, but nevertheless that impediment is left to remove or aggravate itself with every change of weather.

Another grievous effect of our uncertain climate is the liability, whenever a frost comes in or goes out, to accidents in skating. The same lamentable results are produced yearly by the same causes; but if it be hopeless to inculcate caution, it would surely be possible to diminish danger. The simple provision of a plank or ladder and a rope would often suffice to save valuable lives; but, as a rule, skaters always find their way to the most dangerous ice, and never think of any precaution against its breaking. No event of this melancholy character has ever created a more profound sen-

sation than the death of the eldest son of Mr. Walter, who, after having travelled round the world in safety, has perished within sight of his father's house.

Oh God! to think man ever
Comes too near his home.

The assembling of Mr. Walter's family to keep Christmas has been the occasion of one most promising member being removed from it. We are told that a brother and a cousin of the deceased were seen struggling amid broken ice. They had fallen into the water at one of the deepest parts of the lake, where the water-fowl had kept the water open as long as possible, and where the ice, consequently, was weakest. In numerous party there are always some who, in the excitement of their sport, or through habitual disregard of danger, will place themselves in positions where their more cautious companions are compelled to follow them, and thus no member of the party can be more prudent than its least prudent member. If there is a weak place on a sheet of ice somebody is sure to skate over it, either not thinking at all of the risk of falling through, or virtually assuming for himself an immunity which he would not ascribe to others. In the melancholy case which gives occasion to these remarks there was evidently an entire unconsciousness of danger. Mr. Thomas Walter, brother of the deceased, was pushing his cousin Richard before him on a chair, when the ice gave way under them. The deceased and two other brothers skated as rapidly as possible to the spot, and found Mr. Thomas Walter clinging to the broken ice with one hand and supporting his cousin with his disengaged arm. The deceased threw himself on his face upon the ice, and stretched out his arm, but he had scarcely reached his brother's hand when the ice gave way beneath him, and he too was immersed. On seeing this Mr. Henry Walter promptly followed his brother's example, and stretched himself along the ice to rescue his two brothers and his cousin. But just as his elder brother had grasped his hand the ice gave way under him also, and four of them were thus in the water together. We have followed an account which tells the mournful tale, evidently on good authority, in the fewest possible words. The simplicity of the narrative brings into the clearest possible light the sort of danger to which, with every severe frost, many of the best and bravest Englishmen are needlessly exposed. The cousin of the deceased, who was being pushed over the ice in a chair, appears to have been unable to make the effort necessary for the preservation of his own life. We see upon the ice, wherever skating is going on, not only strong and active men, but men who are neither strong nor active, and women and even children. If the ice gives way, a strong and active man who makes his own safety his only object will probably escape; but if he yields to the generous impulse which prompts him to succour some one who is feebly struggling near him, it is likely that he will himself perish. The effect upon some constitutions of the ice-cold water is such that in a very few minutes, or even seconds, the power of exertion ceases. A moment's hesitation between duty to oneself and duty to one's neighbour may be the cause that both self and neighbour perish. It may be hoped that by the diminution of the depth of the water in the Serpentine and Regent's Park London has been delivered from the recurrence of those drownings by wholesale which used to be at any moment possible. But in the country it is almost hopeless that any warning, however terrible, will induce skaters to distinguish between one piece of water and another, or between different parts of the same lake or pond. Thursday in last week was the first day of severe frost, and on Saturday Mr. Walter perished. If the frost continues, places which were unsafe become safe; but frost very seldom continues many days in Southern England. The opportunities for skating are in some winters so few that everybody rushes upon the ice on the first day that it appears likely to bear; and when the thaw comes, enthusiastic skaters linger until the ice melts away beneath them. Ten years ago the frost was so steady and severe that rivers where a rapid tide runs were frozen over, and skating went on for weeks upon them without serious accident. But an accident on such a river must almost necessarily be fatal, because the tide running up or down would carry the most skilful swimmer beneath the unbroken ice before he had time to make an effort to escape.

It may be a partial consolation that, when skating accidents begin, hunting accidents necessarily cease. It would be unwise and also hopeless to attempt to interfere with either skating or hunting on account of the loss of life and injury to limb which these sports occasion. The necessity of preserving the activity and hardihood of Englishmen is more than ever manifested by the course of the conflict between France and Germany, and the spirit of those who loved not their lives unto death needs to be from time to time aroused among us by examples like that of the lamented gentleman who has died in the effort to save his brother and his cousin. Nevertheless we could desire that the exhibition of this noble courage could be reserved for occasions more important, and that people would remember that, if they have the right to jeopardize their own lives for amusement or slight convenience, they ought not to involve friends or relations in the peril which they inconsiderately incur. More caution is needed in going upon ice at the beginning of a frost, and much greater use ought to be made of the simple and cheap expedients by which assistance may be rendered without increasing the number of possible victims of an accident. A rope held by two persons and stretched between them over a hole is almost certain to save the

life of any person who may have strength left to cling to it. In the accident on Mr. Walter's lake, while the deceased and two of his brothers and his cousin were all in the water, another brother obtained a rope and other assistance, by which three out of the four imperilled lives were preserved. There appears to be little doubt that the strength and skill of the deceased, who was an expert swimmer, were neutralized by the coldness of the water, or some other cause, for otherwise he would have had no difficulty in supporting himself until assistance came. Such an accident as this may happen in summer as well as winter, in boating or swimming as in skating; and when it happens it can only be lamented.

Another sort of accidents from frost are, however, to a great extent preventible, and it is scandalous that they are not prevented. London assumes in a severe winter the condition of a desert, and a desert of a particularly dangerous description. Little more is done in London to cleanse the streets than in a village; but in a village, if you fall, you rest upon the bosom of mother earth, whereas a fall in London brings you into contact with either stone or iron. The partial cleansing of the pavements by housekeepers, under compulsion of the police, has usually the effect of taking away the snow and leaving the ice, which is far more dangerous. A tradesman who desires that customers should enter his shop not only clears away snow from the approach to it, but puts down sand or ashes to give a secure footway. But the ordinary householder does no more than he can be compelled to do by the police, and perhaps less. If it is not convenient to householders to do by themselves or their servants all that is necessary to make the footways near their houses reasonably safe, it might be done by officers of a district, and paid for by a rate. Even active people, with good eyesight, could not walk the pavements of London during this week without danger, which must have been considerably increased by any imperfection of sight or strength. In spite of all the railway accidents that have occurred, there is no doubt that a first-class carriage in a special train has been for the last few days a safer place than the streets of London. The Railway Companies, too, can be compelled from time to time to take additional precautions which experience suggests; but no parochial or other authority in London can be compelled to take any effectual measures for facilitating street traffic in frosty weather. In the first winter of the Crimean War there was a heavy fall of snow in London, which for want of adequate means of removal remained piled in heaps which did not wholly disappear until the end of March. It may be feared that neither our military nor our municipal administration has improved since 1854. But the miseries of the "front" before Sebastopol are remembered only by the audiences of Mr. Robertson's comedy *Ours*, while the miseries of the streets of London are the daily experience of us all.

THE TWO WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.—SKETCHES AND STUDIES.

THE deteriorating influence on art and on artists of over-production, and of the excessive facility of exhibiting all works produced, whether good, bad, or indifferent, has seldom been so apparent as in the Ninth Winter Exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society. We ventured to suggest a few months ago that the members of that Society should for once allow themselves a rest this winter, take a little time for thought, ponder longer, and mature their pictures more. We might have saved ourselves the trouble of giving advice which was sure to be thrown away. How incurably committed to bad habits some artists have grown will be at once evident from the fact that five members of the Society have exhibited within the year a total of 139 drawings; one work more would give an annual average of 28 exhibited drawings per artist. That this wholesale and indiscriminate system tends, as we have said, to deteriorate art is apparent in the further fact that quantity and quality never go together, that the painters in this Gallery conspicuous by the multitude of their works have long sunk into mechanists, as devoid as machines of originating power. It is to be feared that the inherent constitution of these two close Societies encourages the evil. It would appear that the privilege enjoyed by the members of sending in as many drawings as can be mustered, without the possibility of rejection or even censure, is apt to engender impertinence and incapacity. How men who started fairly may fall is sometimes painfully seen, as, for example, in "Olympia" (241), and other monstrosities by Mr. Shields. Painters nowadays are tried by prosperity and spoilt by success. Never do we see an artist begin as a truth-seeking student without the dread of what his latter end may be. Fortunately some members are proof against temptation, and remain artiste, in the high sense of the word, to the end. Among such honourable exceptions may be named Mr. Glennie, Mr. Walker, Mr. Boyce, Mr. Thomas Danby, Mr. Deane, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Pinwell, and Mr. Powell. A Society that can number men so true and good will always be able to show works worthy of attention.

Mr. Walker exemplifies what we have said. In place of sixteen or seventeen productions, to which some of his brethren reach, he contents himself with four. And these four have more thought, incident, and detail than any dozen drawings wrought by routine. Not that Mr. Walker can be held faultless; his compositions are as eccentric as they are clever, his colour is as violent as it is brilliant. His principal drawing (334) is without a name, possibly

because, if it bore twenty names, twenty more might be equally wanted to catalogue contents so heterogeneous, ranging from a swan to a boat and a boatman, from figures on the shore after the manner of Teniers and Ostade, to others sharing grace with Stothard, and accuracy of drawing with Mulready. The colour, as not unusual with this artist, is brought to a brilliant climax in a sunset sky. Mr. Walker has the merit of being inconstant to his mannerism; thus in utter contrast to the preceding is the "Sketch for Illustration to Miss Thackeray's Village on the Cliff" (385). To group figures round a square table with pleasing play of line is not easy. In technical qualities Mr. Walker is peculiar; there is no method and no trick he does not in turn adopt. He is one of the few artists who have obtained equal mastery over oil and water-colour. His success in the Academy, it is to be hoped, will never steal him away from this Society. Mr. Pinwell, the most promising of Associates, prejudices his prospects by exaggerating the defects of Mr. Walker. It is hard to excuse the hot foxiness of the drawing "At the Foot of the Quantocks" (103). Yet the Gallery does not contain a work more impressive in sentiment or thorough in workmanship than "Landlord and Tenant" (272). But again the artist finds it hard to seize upon a subject as a whole, and to bring the several parts into pictorial unity. Yet the group of mother and children whom the merciless "landlord" resolves to make homeless is alike compact in composition, lovely in form, and intense in dramatic expression. M. Lamont and Mr. Johnson in their several spheres show the possession of materials which speak well for the future. Mr. Marsh, elected among the last batch of Associates, appears eminently inartistic; it is hard to conceive of forms more uncouth or of colours more dirty. Mr. Dobson, who joins this Society and yet retains his position within the Academy, is an acquisition. This artist, who seldom lacks refinement, shows more than usual power and play of hand in a sketch for "St. Agatha" (350). Little or nothing new is suggested by the contributions of Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Watson, Mr. Topham, Mr. Haag, Mr. Smallfield, and Mr. Lundgren.

Landscape, architectural drawing, and animal painting remain without material change. Mr. Deane, the last capture from "the Institute," exhibits Venetian scenes which by halo of light and colour may in some measure take the place left vacant by the late James Holland. Mr. Birket Foster is always best in small cabinet size; his execution was never more dexterous or dainty than in the dressy little drawings before us. The rocks "On the Greta at Rokeby" (48) are modelled with a solidity and sharpness sculpturesque and stereoscopic. The touch is sparkling as it is precise, yet the work seems almost too clean for an out-door sketch. There can, however, be little doubt that Mr. Richardson threw off at a heat "The River Braan" (112); the manner dates back to the time when J. D. Harding and others looked upon rapid, clever sketching as an art distinct from that of drawing manufacture in the studio. Mr. Boyce, usually parsimonious of his favours, is for once liberal. Yet his ten drawings are mostly eccentric. Some are sombre, as nature seen by the eye of a bat or of an owl, which never opens to daylight. Others are full of sunshine, as when the iris expands to the full spectrum of colour; such drawings are of rainbow splendour. Of similar awakening to the full vision of nature dazzling under sunlight are studies in Italy and Greece by Mr. Glennie and Mr. Alfred Hunt. "The Acropolis from the Iliissus, Athens" (242), by the latter, is among the first fruits of a recent tour to the classic shores of the Mediterranean.

We cannot quit this Ninth Winter Exhibition without contrasting the spurious high art of Mr. Shields, conspicuous by its presence, with the high art of Mr. Burne Jones and of Mr. Burton, now and henceforth conspicuous only in absence. "Olympia" (241), by Mr. Shields, is of the signboard school; "Lucrezia" (293), by the same artist, might serve as the placard for an itinerant caravan of tigers and hyenas. The Old Society at the respectable age of well nigh threescore years and ten must surely be in its dotage when on the one hand such abortions are of endless recurrence, while on the other such noble works as "The Wine of Circe" and "Cassandra Fedele" have been, by the unaccountable mistake of the Council, for ever shut out from its Gallery. The circumstance which led to the resignation of two honoured members is peculiar. When last we reviewed this Gallery we remarked in the following terms on the withdrawal of certain undraped figures painted by Mr. Burne Jones:—"Some ladies, it appears—probably as disdained and retiring as those who agitate for the repeal of a certain Act—demanded that the picture should either be amended or removed. The case was made so serious that the President of the Society waited upon the artist, but without effect," &c. The unnatural sequel to this comedy of errors has been that Mr. Burne Jones resigns. Mr. Burton retires also in further protest on the proceedings. The question at issue is more than personal; a principle is at stake. It is not pretended that "Phyllis and Demophoon" was an immoral picture; figures of like nobility in the Elgin Room, or in any Academy or Gallery of the Continent, would be judged merely by art standards. The Society has been wanting in allegiance to art. Scientific associations have not unfrequently, in the interests of science and of free inquiry, shown timely courage by a bold stand against silly outcries. A like duty devolved upon this Society; unfortunately it has proved weak when it should have been strong, temporizing and yielding to clamour when it ought to have been steadfast to principle.

"The Institute" has latterly approached the standard of its

rival, the Old Society, and on the present occasion it certainly comes the nearest to the idea of what an exhibition of "Sketches and Studies" should be. Several of the Members, such as Mr. Linton, Mr. Small, Mr. Jopling, Mr. Tidey, and Mr. Collier, are not afraid to turn out their portfolios; a sketch left off, mid career, has a pleasant suggestiveness, and often promises a great deal more than the artist could by finishing fulfil. Much to be commended are the slight, rapid, free-hand sketches of Mr. Collier, who, as a new Associate, makes his first entrance in this room. "Near Wareham" (90) has an out-door look; the atmosphere is clear as daylight; all the more so because not an atom of opaque sullies the paper. "Crossing Burn Moor, Cumberland" (41) proves that the artist can mature; this drawing is in quality and manner nearer to Cox's moorlands than any work seen in London since the death of "Old Cox." Mr. Shalders and Mr. Maplestone also seem to have been smitten with a would-be simple style, though by the substitution of purples for greys they become guilty of parody rather than plagiarism. Mr. Bennett, we are thankful to say, is once more content, as in his best time, to be grey as silver light which shines among leaves and glistens in dewy glass. "Sketch in Marlborough Forest" (272) is a work of a class which under present tendencies grows each year scarcer. Mr. Tidey, for a wonder, has for once gone to nature; yet "West Cliff, Ventnor" (21), and other like studies, betray the artificial system of colour adopted by this artist in his figure compositions. Mr. Tidey, like painters in general who cherish an ideal, goes to nature with a foregone conclusion. The same criticism might over the space of many years have been directed against Mr. Leitch, Mr. Harry Johnson, Mr. Rowbotham, and others who have done their best to make this Gallery a small province in Arcadia—a sequestered corner in the garden of Eden. Impossible beings dwelling in impossible places can be supplied in any quantity by Mr. Guido Bach, Mr. Augustus Bouvier, and others of their company who seldom descend to the ordinary ways of nature, or to the common uses of the world. "Hylas" (72), by Mr. Bach, is a melancholy proof of what an artist may come to when, unfaithful to his purer instincts, he forsakes the paths of truth and soberness.

It is curious to notice in this small Gallery the force of a law which in the history of art has been of world-wide operation, a principle which was once well elucidated by Sir Charles Eastlake at an Academy dinner—the law of action and of reaction, of contrast and antagonism. Thus at the time when the Institute was in the possession of a school ideal, artificial, and conventional, as represented by Messrs. Corbould, Bouvier, Tidey, and Warren, there came into the field a new race, a school literal, real, and naturalistic. At this moment the reaction gains force in the works of Messrs. Gow, Green, Kilburne, Mahony, and Small. "Reconnoitring" (99), by Mr. Gow, has character, and also composition; "Carrying Turf" (291), by Mr. Charles Green, is realism brought under art treatment; "Primrose Time" (31), by Mr. Kilburne, has the detailed touch of a drawing on wood; "Our Shadow" (326), by Mr. Mahony, is a simple incident prettily told; while "Dry Weather" (214), by Mr. Small, has much of the stout stuff which realists in general lay hold of with firm grasp. Mr. Valentine Bromley comes somewhere between moderns and mediævals. "A Minstrel" (29) has a serio-comic air; the furniture upon which lanky storks figure at full length recalls devices by Mr. Marks and by Mr. William Burges. Mr. Linton, also, is a middle-man; he does not paint nature crudely; historic schools stand between his model and his easel. "1795" is an individual study thrown back to the times of the first French Republic; a creature of Robespierre or Danton reads the news and meditates mischief. "Fortune Telling" (334) is perhaps the most artistic figure-drawing in the room. Mr. Linton seems to understand both the broad distinction and the true relation between nature and art; he promises therefore to become something higher than a realist and something truer than an idealist.

An interesting comparison might be made between the high-class drawings of the olden school recently on loan in this room, and the works of living artists now on exhibition. The conclusions to which such a comparison might point are not wholly to the disadvantage of our contemporaries. Figure-studies have gained in character and definition; the drawing implies more knowledge; the execution and use of material, approaching to the treatment of oils, have greater force and solidity. In landscape the study of nature was never more careful or close, and perhaps at no former period have so many expedients been used for, as it were, circumventing nature, for taking her as by stratagem, either by lying in wait patiently or by sudden assault. And yet it can scarcely be said that our artists have a wide comprehension or a philosophic understanding of nature; they magnify an accident while they nullify a law. To the man of science their wisdom is but folly, and their art, when least they know it, passes from simplicity to silliness.

THE PANTOMIMES.

EVERYBODY is asking everybody else whether the pantomimes are good, and which is the best. It appears to be taken for granted that the pantomimes at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres will run for the next three months, and therefore it is idle to consider whether they are good or bad, except in comparison with one another. In one respect there is cer-

tainly improvement. Pantomime was rapidly becoming a regular medium for advertising tradesmen's wares; and whatever might be our various notions of amusement, we should all probably agree in desiring that the theatres should not be assimilated to a railway station. It is therefore satisfactory to observe that at both the great theatres advertisements are excluded from the pantomime. The manager of Covent Garden Theatre has with the best intention made a blunder. We should not complain so much of being dull in his house if we were not reminded of more lively evenings elsewhere. He has engaged, in order to strengthen the musical part of his performance, a lady who has become well known in the English versions of Offenbach's and other comic operas. To mention only one of several examples that occur to us, it was much better fun to see Miss Julia Matthews in *Trombalcazar* at the Gaiety than to see her in the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre. It is true that stolen pleasures are the sweetest, and perhaps it was wrong to be amused in an irregular manner in November, instead of preserving an unbroken gravity until Christmas. It is difficult, however, to avoid coming to the conclusion that the fun of a modern pantomime harmonizes best with that of Christmas Day when Christmas Day falls upon a Sunday.

The pantomime of the *Dragon of Wantley*, at Drury Lane Theatre, consists of three parts, each wholly unconnected with the other. In the first place, we have a sort of revival of the old-fashioned masque in which Time, Hour, Day, Britannia, Thames, Medway, and many other characters appear. The unfortunate Britannia is compelled by the inconsiderate author to utter the most cruel satire upon herself. Love appears and complains of Time for allowing war. Time answers that he cannot help it. Love replies that he has a powerful ally in the cause of peace, and summons, not as perhaps might have been expected, Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Merriman, but Britannia. That lady enters with the words

Here, and at her post.
Ready at any hour! Britannia's boat!
Queen of the Isles, and Mistress of the Sea,
I don't forget, Time, what you've done for me.

It may be admitted that Britannia is ready at any hour with good advice and well-intended mediation, and with the means of partially alleviating the miseries which war causes in other countries; but it might be useful if Britannia would remember that, among other things which Time has done for her, he has removed the grounds on which her power and influence formerly rested, and has hitherto supplied no new grounds. The alliance of Britannia with Love is indeed almost the only alliance which is left to her, and it might perhaps afford insufficient protection against the hatred of all the World. Britannia appears at the beginning of this piece, and she appears again before the harlequinade begins; and the author is certainly entitled to the credit of having a fixed purpose, which he steadily pursues, of rendering Britannia contemptible. After the grand combat between the dragon of Wantley and Moore of Moore Hall has ended in the dragon's defeat and death, Mother Shipton, who has prepared and encouraged Moore for this terrific struggle, speaks the lines,

Thus from all dangers be our country freed,
By England's heroes in our time of need.

Here, according to the programme, "The scene changes to the World of Waters, and Britannia appears." But, unfortunately, Britannia is not ready to appear. The dead dragon's head and tail are cleared away, and Moore of Moore Hall and his faithful squire Jingo, and Lady Joan and her attendant Madge, remove themselves with more promptitude than dignity to make way for the laborious preparations which are necessary for the appearance of Britannia with suitable solemnity. After a considerable interval, in which groups of water-nymphs rise slowly from under the stage to various positions upon or above it, Britannia herself appears upon a central throne, and, having gained a proper altitude and become stationary, she delivers a speech beginning

such a wish Britannia must agree.

If the author and manager had desired to symbolize the slowness and unreadiness of England they could not have succeeded better. As the combat between Moore of Moore Hall and the dragon occurred in Yorkshire, we may venture to compare the deliberate utterance of Britannia with that of a squire of the county who once travelled with another squire by railway to London. At the York Station one of the squires said to the other, "Do you see that rat?" The other squire said nothing whatever until the train arrived at the London Station, and then he said, "Towzer would have worried that rat." But this squire, although slow of speech, was quick and strong in action, whereas Britannia does nothing but talk, and is not even ready to do that at the proper time. However she delivers her speech, ending nearly as she began:—

Soon let us hope all wicked war will cease—
I bind all over to preserve the *Piece*.

The composition is not nearly so bad as the miserable little pun with which it ends might lead people to suppose. Indeed, there is much humour in the treatment of the story of the Dragon of Wantley, and all the comic incidents are made the most of by a clever company. The Lady Joan speaks some lines which neatly remind the audience that the actress who does that part very well can also do quite different things well:—

I in my time have played a heroine's part;
And people kindly said, with much civility,
Quite unexpected I showed Amy—ability.

The lines refer to the fact that the speaker, Miss Vokes, took in some of the performances of *Amy Robart* the part which properly belonged to Miss Neilson. The first part of the performance brings in, as we have said, Time, Britannia, and the rivers, and resembles an old-fashioned masque, except that all the rivers—not excepting Thames, "Father Thames" as he was once called—are personated by smart young ladies. This first part is neither better nor worse than many other compositions of the same class. The second part has no connexion with the first, but it is undeniably amusing. A sort of connexion between the two parts is attempted by bringing in Britannia of the first part to finish the second part with a grand tableau; but this can only be accomplished by clearing off Moore of Moore Hall and the Lady Joan in the unceremonious way which has been described. We have nothing to remark upon the tableau, except that it is very grand indeed, as these things always are. Let us hope that the throne of Britannia upon the waves has more stability than some of the ships by which she endeavours to secure her marine empire. The harlequinade which follows the delayed appearance of Britannia is of the usual quality. The policeman perhaps pervades the exterior of shops more than usual, and we should be glad to think that in this respect the pantomime represented what is about to be reality.

The title of the *Sleeping Beauty* hardly leads one to expect any particular novelty in the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre. We have said already that the vocal merit of this piece rather damages it by suggesting comparison with other pieces more lively than an ordinary pantomime. The scenery of this pantomime was much and deservedly applauded, and the painters received honours which are sometimes bestowed on actors. Next to the painters, the greatest success was achieved by the Pet Dog, and it would probably be correct, although by no means polite, to place Miss Julia Matthews next to this interesting animal. The talent of Messrs. Payne in pantomime is well known to all frequenters of the theatres; but we do not think that they have been supplied on this occasion with adequate material for exercising their talent. Many things might be said in praise of this pantomime, but we should hardly venture to say that it was funny. There is no incident so droll as the making of the pie by Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday in the pantomime of a recent year, when it had not occurred to anybody to imagine that a rat might come to be an ordinary article of civilized human food. The wanderings of Knight and Squire in the enchanted forest, in which the trees change into hideous shadowy faces, are, however, likely to inspire children with that vague sort of terror which is even more delightful than the most laughter-moving incidents. The contest of the Knight and Squire with the Demon Elves who guard the Enchanted Castle is well sustained, and when they gain admittance, and find the King, Queen, and all the Court asleep, the combat with the Elves in hall and staircase is still maintained with a vigour and variety of circumstance highly creditable to all concerned in it. The best part of the Drury Lane pantomime is likely to please grown-up people better than any part of the Covent Garden pantomime, but perhaps both are likely to please children equally. If we have seen the Paynes to greater advantage in former years, we must remember that a pantomime is not primarily intended for habitual playgoers. If literary criticism is of any value on such an occasion, it ought to be remarked that the Covent Garden piece is a connected whole. It is indeed neither better nor worse than many burlesques that are produced at minor theatres, and it is rather wonderful that this particular composition should have the fortune to be produced on so large a stage, and with such magnificent accompaniments. When we survey the vast and splendid theatre, and remember the purpose to which it will be applied after Easter, it is difficult to believe that this one pantomime will fill the house for many weeks to come almost as effectually as a succession of operas performed by the best artists in the world. We began by saying that we supposed that the merit of the two pantomimes had very little to do with the length of time for which they would be likely to run. It is an ancient and laudable custom of English families to see a pantomime in the winter, and they can only see the pantomimes—good, bad, or indifferent—which are produced. It would be utterly impossible to see the same pantomime a second time, and therefore we have no means of answering the question which occurs to us, whether in the harlequinade they do exactly the same tricks every night all through the season. The police at Covent Garden are not in such great force as at Drury Lane; but, on the other hand, the old familiar bed-room business, with the warming-pan and poker all complete, is performed just as it used to be any number of years ago. The working of a compulsory system of education is exemplified by the arrest, and forcible conveyance to school by the police, of a goose and a donkey. There is less harlequinade at Covent Garden than at Drury Lane, and perhaps the manager of the former theatre considers that the spectacular burlesque of which he is so liberal constitutes a more intellectual amusement. But the more he departs from the old form of pantomime the more directly does he compete with other entertainments to which that which he presents is unquestionably inferior.

REVIEWS.

THE RĀMĀYANA.*

A FEW years ago the ancient epic literature of Greece exercised a sudden and simultaneous impulse on our men of letters, poets, statesmen, and others, and translations of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* became as plenteous as blackberries. It might be as hard to discover the subtle law which brought the venerable bard into capricious favour just then, as to prove why hoops are the popular game of the streets in one month, and tops in another. Homer was neither more nor less known at the Universities, or wherever scholars do congregate, during the years preceding and following Lord Derby's *Iliad*, than in earlier years of this century; yet for a short space every one was either translating him, or studying the laws of metre with that end, or preparing to criticize the labours of others. The fever has died away, and left us knowing about as much of Homer as we did before, with a net residuum, however, of a somewhat improved taste as to the metre and manner of verse-translation.

Is it possible that any similar fever should now be in the air for a Hindu epic? It is hardly safe to generalize yet from present data; but it is certainly an odd coincidence that the same year should witness the publication of two works on the *Rāmāyana* by Mr. Griffith in India, and of one by Miss Richardson in England. In this instance, however, it certainly cannot be said that we shall be left no wiser than we were before. All the books add to our knowledge; for, with the exception of Carey and Marshman's translation of a small portion, of which moreover only a few copies exist, no attempt had till now been made to give the English public anything like a connected narrative of the *Rāmāyana*. It is probable, therefore, that but very vague notions are held, even by those who know the name, on the nature or theme of "Rāma's Adventures," as the title means. We will therefore briefly summarize them.

Rāma was the son of Daśaratha, King of Kośala, a province nearly identical with modern Oude, and having for its capital Ayodhyā (or the Impregnable), whose name is preserved in that of the late kingdom, by his chief wife Kauśalyā. Kośala was the seat of the chief power and civilization of the Sanskrit Indians after they left their first settlements south of the Himālaya in the Punjab and spread further east; and it was in the time of the epics almost their furthest eastward limit. Its kings boasted their lineal descent from Ikshvāku, the first man; and their capital, Ayodhyā, is described in glowing terms passing into the ideal, and then reminding one of Isaia's picture of the New Jerusalem. When Daśaratha was old, he was about to instal Rāma as his heir and co-sovereign, but was caressed by his second wife, Kaikeyī, to grant a request; upon which she demanded the banishment of Rāma to dwell as a hermit in the fearful untraversed forest of Dandaka south of the Ganges, the haunt of wild beasts, for fourteen years, and the settlement of the crown on her son Bharata. The King's honour binds him to his promise, but he grieves and dies. Rāma is not only a paragon of knightly valour, but even more conspicuous for his sweetness of disposition, modesty, and all the gentler virtues. His obedience is instant and cheerful; and his lovely and heroic wife Sītā, as well as his own brother Lakshmana, insist on sharing his fate. They leave Ayodhyā amidst a wail of general grief, and are escorted far on their way by the citizens. Meanwhile Bharata, who was far away in the west at the time, is sent for, and returns to find his father dead and Rāma gone. He performs the due observations to the remains of his father, but refuses to be installed as king in the room of the rightful heir. A great expedition is ordered to follow, and, if possible, bring back Rāma to occupy the throne; it is headed by Bharata. Rāma says he must fulfil his fourteen years' engagement to his father, lest the felicity of his father's soul be imperilled. "Let the umbrella [of royalty] shade thy head: I will take refuge in the shade of the woods." Ultimately Bharata has to return, resolving to leave the government of the State to "Rāma's golden shoes" for the fourteen years, himself living as a devotee without the city, and, we may presume, taking the cares though not the show of empire during the same period. The three exiles travel further south, and live in the Dandaka forest. Here their serious adventures, and the real plot of the poem, begin. They pass through a region haunted by the savage beings called Rākshasas, or demons. A female Rākshasa, named Sūrpanakhā, making love to Rāma, is repelled by him and Lakshmana, and, on her threatening violence to Sītā, has her nose and ears cut off by the latter's sword. She escaped enraged to her brother, the terrible King of the Rākshasas, whose abode is in Lankā, or Ceylon, and who holds heaven, earth, and all creation in awe, since he has vanquished the gods and obtained from them indemnity and invincibility by any superhuman being. In his pride of power, however, he had forgotten to stipulate for invulnerability by so poor a creature as man. He had ten heads, and limbs in proportion, and was in all respects a most fearful monster; he rode in a

golden chariot through the air, and among his many advantages included that of being able to assume any form he wished. Directed by a subject Rākshasa, he finds Rāma's cottage in the vale of the Godāvari. The Rākshasa assumes the form of a deer, and entices Rāma in its pursuit; is shot by the latter's unerring bow, and in dying calls in Rāma's voice "Lakshmana, save me!" which draws Lakshmana away from the hut, and so enables the demon-king to enter, finding Sītā alone. This he does in the form of an austere ascetic, to disarm her suspicions, and meets with the reverence and attentions due to his profession. She tells him her history, and asks his name and purpose, to which (we quote from Mr. Griffith's translation) he answers:—

Terror of men and gods and worlds am I,
Rāvana, whose will the giant hosts obey.
Since I have seen thee, lovely one, to-day,
Clad in silk raiment, bright as polish'd gold,
My love for all my wives is dead and cold.
Though countless dames of perfect beauty, torn
From many a pillaged realm, my home adorn;
Come, fairest, come, my queen and darling be,
Among a thousand I will love but thee.

And she rejoins, in a strain of magnificent scorn:—

Me, me, the faithful wife of Rāma, him
Before whose glory Indra's fame is dim:
Rāma, who quails not in the battle-shock,
Fierce as the ocean, steadfast as the rock:
Rāma, the lord of each auspicious sign;
Rāma, the glory of his princely line;
Me, Rāma's wife, the dear fond wife of him,
Him of the eagle eye, the lordly limb.
Me dost thou dare with words of love to press,
A jackal suing to a lioness?
As far above thine impious reach am I
As yonder sun that blazes in the sky.

Rāvana appears in his true shape, and seizing Sītā by her flowing hair, flies off with her through the air, while

All nature trembled, faint and sick with dread,
And sudden darkness o'er the world was spread;
The wind was hush'd, dimmed was the glorious sun;
An awful voice that cried, The deed is done,
Burst from the mighty Sire, whose sleepless eye
Saw the fell outrage from his throne on high.

Rāma and Lakshmana return, and find the hut empty. Rāma proclaims his woes to all the flowers of the forest, and asks for tidings of Sītā—in vain. At length they come upon the scent, finding the print of a huge superhuman foot on the mountain side, and learn from a friendly vulture that Sītā was carried off by the demon, and that he (the vulture) had done such fierce fight for her as almost to rescue her, but had received his death-wound. For the invasion of Ceylon a large force was necessary, and they therefore form an alliance with Sugrīva, King of the Apes, who sends his general, Hanumat, with an army of apes on the perilous expedition. A bridge has to be built over the Strait of Manar, by sinking huge blocks of rock in the sea; the ruins of which, called Rāma's Bridge (or, by a ludicrous metamorphosis of the Indian hero, Adam's Bridge), still impede the navigation. The city of Lankā was burnt, and after a terrible conflict Rāvana was killed by Rāma, and Sītā rescued. Her fidelity to Rāma had been perfect, but it required a *deus ex machina* in the shape of Agni, the God of Fire, to assure Rāma of the fact, and induce him to take her back with undiminished trust and love. After this, the poem naturally hastens to its end. The exiles return, and the good brother Bharata replaces Rāma's feet in the golden shoes, and Rāma himself in the sovereignty of which he had been so long deprived.

This outline is filled up by many episodes and ramifications which it is not necessary to detail here; and what with these and the richness of description, fertility of imagery, and depth of sentiment not restrained, but allowed to ramble at its own sweet will, the poem occupies 24,000 slokas or double lines, divided into seven books. It is easy to see that it forms one consistent whole, and that in its main features at least it must be the work of one poetic mind, *aus einem Guss*, as Lassen says. It pictures the adventures of one hero, to which everything else is subordinated. These adventures are arranged in distinct stages, and the events of one part of the story prepare those of another, till the end leaves nothing more to solve, and therefore closes the whole in quiet bliss. The hero and his story, however, are certainly not creations of the poet. Perhaps no great epic has ever been, or will ever be, written, like a novel, on the adventures of men and women created for the first time by the narrator. The characters must be national or historical, else the poem will not live—especially if, like the *Iliad* and the *Rāmāyana*, it has to pass through a precarious existence on the lips of rhapsodists before it can be committed to writing at all. In fact the epic is the History of the ancient world, when men still spoke in verse. Its heroes may or may not be historical, i.e. real men; but by the poet and his hearers they were accepted as such. Rāma and Sītā were to the Hindus real persons, their own progenitors, and their story was therefore truly a national epic. Without this essential element, not all its wonderful beauties would have secured it so certain and abiding a popularity as it has always had.

It is easy to seize on parts of the story which look historical, or seem to contain true history, slightly veiled in allegory. Rāma's journey to the south, sojourn on the Godāvari, and subsequent invasion of Ceylon may be regarded as the epic mode of treating the gradual advance of Sanskrit influence, civilization, and religion in that direction. His apish allies may be easily recognised to

* *The Rāmāyana of Valmīki*. Translated into English Verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A., Principal of the Benares College. Vol. I. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

Scenes from the Rāmāyana, &c. By R. T. H. Griffith. Second Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

The Iliad of the East: a Selection of Legends drawn from Valmīki's Sanskrit poem, the Rāmāyana. By Frederika Richardson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

this day in the black aborigines of the South, especially of the Neilgherry Hills; whose shyness of the civilized people of the plain is well depicted in Sugriva's flight from Ráma before he was assured of the latter's peaceful purpose. But it is at best but a framework of history in which a story wholly mythical at bottom is enclosed. The Rákshasas lie beyond historical interpretation. They are actually described as the demonic powers of the darkness, and they are robbers like the Panis who attempted to decoy Saráma the Dawn, whom Mr. Cox will have us regard as the prototype or parallel of Paris and Helen. Indeed, viewed in the light of the solar myth, Ráma "the joyous," "the beautiful," is a sun-hero like Apollo, Theseus, Achilles, or Sigurd, who in the morning of his life woos the maiden of the dawn, born in the eastern country of Mithilá. His light is removed from the brilliant land of his birth, and remains long hidden in the night of the gloomy forest of Dandaka, the abode of the dark and evil Rákshasas, and here his bride of the morning or evening light is stolen by the powers of darkness, to be regained in a glorious morning which gives him force to destroy those powers that were mighty only in his absence, and which restores him again to his golden shoes at Ayodhyá. The great solar hero has a satellite, his brother Lakshmana, just as Achilles has Pylades. Thus Mr. Cox might interpret the legend, and thus in a few scattered allusions he does interpret a portion of it. We confess that this truly ideal and poetical conception approves itself to our judgment far more than the explanation offered by Weber, that Ráma represents the ploughman of the civilized and agricultural Aryan race, practising his art in the wild Southern region, and obstructed and assailed by the savage black aborigines (the Rákshasas), who destroy his furrows. The latter act is in this interpretation signified by the abduction of Sítá, by which name the Furrow is said to be celebrated in the Rig-veda and the Grihya ritual. Such an allegory savours too much of modern civilization to be accepted as the primal meaning—if the story be an ancient myth at all. Moreover, it breaks down in some essential points; for example, the black aborigines are represented, not by the hostile Rákshasas (who are not confined to the South), but by the friendly apes. If Sítá must, on Vedic testimony, be the earth, and not the dawn, then we would rather see in the story a myth of the solar warmth "loving," i.e. kissing and vivifying, the soil, which in his absence is dominated by black night in the shape of Rávana, than a prosaic account of Aryan tillage in the Dekkan. That Ráma is a solar hero seems to be confessed in the theory which makes him an incarnation of Vishnu, the Sanskrit deity who takes the place of the earlier Vedic deities Agni and Indra, as Dr. Muir has abundantly shown. Incarnation, however, as a theory, must be later than the Rámáyana. The entire plot of the poem does not require it, and the chapters in which it is related or implied can, as Schlegel showed, be removed without injuring the context; in fact, they are clearly much later additions. Thus a very large portion of the first or introductory book, which occupies the chief part of Mr. Griffith's first volume, must be regarded as non-original. The poem would, especially to modern taste, gain greatly by the removal of these chapters and the introduction of Ráma as a human prince. It is unfortunate for Mr. Griffith that his first and specimen volume should contain so much more of what we must call Brahmanical trash than any other volume will.

Mr. Griffith has chosen a very simple metre, which will serve him well throughout a long poem, and represents tolerably the epic sloka, each English line corresponding to a quarter of that. His rhymes enforce the use of words of similar sound, and in so far may oblige him to sacrifice strict literality; but by binding the lines in couplets they render the similarity to the sloka more complete, and at the same time afford a cadence grateful to the English ear. There is no grandeur in the metre, but it is a good working one, which is perhaps better in the long run. The language generally lacks dignity and true poetic feeling, and sometimes descends to depths into which there could be really no excuse for falling. We greatly regret that Mr. Griffith has not the power of keeping his language pure and dignified, even where no great poetic effort is required; but we believe he is intentionally plain where his original is not inspired by fervour, in order to reserve his poetic powers (which from previous specimens, and from his smaller "Scenes from the Ramayana," we know he possesses) for the scenes of passion or pathos. He translates very literally, and yet the cumbrous Sanskrit compounds and curious devices of syntax are resolved into a simplicity like that of an English ballad. We have only room for part of the description of the royal city Ayodhyá:—

On Sarjú's bank, of ample size,
The happy realm of Kośal lies,
With fertile length of fair champaign
And flocks and herds and wealth of grain.
There, famous in her old renown,
Ayodhyá stands, the royal town,
In bygone ages built and planned
By sainted Manu's princely hand.
Imperial seat! her walks extend
Twelve measured leagues from end to end,
And three in width from side to side,
With square and palace beautified.
Her gates at even distance stand,
Her ample roads are wisely planned.
Right glorious is her royal street
Where streams allay the dust and heat.

* * * * *
There wisest Brahmins evermore
The flame of worship feed,

And, versed in all the Veda's lore,
Their lives of virtue lead.
Truthful and pure, they freely give;
They keep each sense controlled,
And in this holy fervour live
Like the great saints of old.

In his "Scenes" Mr. Griffith gives some more elegant versions, from which we regret that we cannot make extracts.

Miss Richardson gives us the *Iliad of the East* in a series of pictures, rather than narratives, in highly-finished poetic prose. The original simple narrative forms the groundwork which she loads with a wealth of fancy, sentiment, and scene-painting that completely cover it. Let no unkind critic pull to pieces this graceful structure, as he will most certainly do if he tries to separate Miss Richardson's amplifications from the text they illustrate. The book must be taken as an original idyl, or series of idyllic pictures, based upon the various scenes of the Rámáyana. If they give pleasure as such, Miss Richardson has achieved success; but analysis or comparison with the original were ill bestowed on such a work. She adopts a style and exercises a fancy savouring of the modern more refined kind of fairy tale, and her characters remind one of the princes and princesses of such tales. Ráma is the handsome young prince, and Sítá the pretty spoiled child, with charming winning ways, that we know so well. It need hardly be said that the original heroes are more *heroic* than this. But what matter? All the great myths and epics of antiquity turn into nursery tales in the end, and many an Odin or Loki lingers among us as a Jack the Giant-Killer or Wayland the Smith. The following is a fair specimen of her style of description when not translating, but following her own fancy:—

On the morrow, when the young Dawn was kissing through the filmy mists, wooing them to linger—whispering, "I too am fond of dreams!"—the fanciful Bride of Ráma stood at the door of the hermitage. Perchance she was *too* beautiful! It seemed to her that the young Morning rose ever, decked in tender hues, that were too dreamy to be bright, and glistening over with sweet dew, that trembled between smiles and tears; and that she was so hopeful, and so able to forget the night she sprang from, and so brave to run on to meet the night that awaited her, because *she was beloved!* And then the gentle little Sítá wondered who it was loved the Morning?—whether the pretty clouds, who flushed beneath her glance; or the birds, who sang to her; or the plants, who flung tick their petals at her touch; or the blue heavens, that cradled her; or the fair earth, in whose arms she seemed to play?

Thus, very full of wonder, the gentle Vaidehi watched the gradual awakening of day.

PIERSON'S TRADITIONS OF FREEMASONRY.*

THIS is again one of those books which ever and anon come forth to astound us by the most open and candid talk about the history, traditions, objects, and generally all the external belongings of Freemasonry, without ever letting us know what Freemasonry is. We think that the mystic brotherhood of Dionysiacs or Druids, or whatever they may be, are a little hard upon the public in general. A corporation has a right to its secrets no less than an individual; but has either corporation or individual the right to sound a trumpet to call every one to look at the outside of its secret, to gaze, as it were, on the husk while denied any means of partaking of the kernel? It is too bad to have curiosity raised and baulked in the way in which it is in such a paragraph as the following:—

Among the questions and answers in the old rituals were the following: "What is Freemasonry? The science of sciences. Why so? Because it comprehends within itself that of all others." These show the opinions the brethren of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries entertained of the institution; and if the definition is correct, then Masonry is worth investigation by the scientific mind; but if it contain nothing more than is expressed in the catechism of the day, if that is all there is in the system, it is not worth the attention of thinking men. The rituals are merely auxiliaries in commencing the investigation of the recondite mysteries concealed in the ceremonies, allegories, and symbolisms of the craft.

No doubt, if Masonry is the science of sciences, it is worth investigation by the scientific mind; but it is cruel thus to tantalize our scientific longings. On the other hand, one might ask whether Freemasons, like other people, would not do well to wash their dirty linen at home, and whether it is wise or faithful to let out to profane readers that there is a possibility of any one looking on the system as not worth the attention of thinking men. Then, again, all is perhaps done to kindle in us a desire to be admitted within the fold; still is it not hard to know at once so much and so little as that "masonry is a progressive science; all its mysterious light, all its sublime truths are not at once developed; it is only by gradual steps [can steps be other than gradual?] that its beauties are unfolded to the wondering mind of the aspirant"? Much metaphor follows, till we are told of "the effulgence of light contained in the sublime, august degree of Royal Arch Mason"; when a man is admitted to that degree, then "that which was dark and inexplicable in the third degree is in this made light and fully explained. The candidate finds himself at the acme of the system; the veil is lifted, and he comprehends its ineffable beauties." To us indeed, profane outsiders that we are, no veil is lifted, save the veil in Mr. Pierson's frontispiece, which is lifted by two persons, one a decently dressed gentleman with some masonic additions to his customary coat and trousers, the other a wilder-looking personage, described as an Egyptian priest, and clad in a garb varying by

* *Traditions of Freemasonry and its Coincidences with the Ancient Mysteries.* By A. T. C. Pierson. Fourth Edition. New York: Masonic Publishing Company, 432 Broome Street. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

one degree only from that of the Pict who was overcome by Prince Vortemir. These two lift "the veil which conceals the Great Mystery, which is symbolized by the Ineffable Name, within a delta surrounded by rays." Here to be sure is something of "the effulgence of light"; but it seems to us to be light altogether without sweetness. For the ineffable beauties take the form, as we are told, of Cain killing Abel, or rather, as it seems to us—effulgence of light may perhaps have a kind of intoxicating effect—several Cains killing several Abels, besides another unfraternal pair, described as "the perfidy of Typhon, inclosing his brother Osiris in a box." All this, we are told, has something to do with "the original religion of man." We trust that in this original or masonic religion men are not bound to take the acts of Cain and Tiphon for "example of life and instruction of manners." We begin to tremble. "From Pope and Turk defend us both!" The lifting of the veil which reveals the slaying and shutting up of brethren suggests the fratricidal deeds done of old within the veil of "the serial's impenetrable tower." And when we are told that the Royal Arch degree was only invented in the last century, to serve the cause of the banished Stuarts, we begin to fear whether we may not soon find ourselves in company with the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender.

Now, till we know what Freemasonry is, it is not for us to say that Freemasonry is nonsense. But we think that we are in a position to say that all the books that we have seen about Freemasonry are nonsense. Yet we are further bound to say that they are not greater nonsense than a large class of other books which profess and call themselves books of learning. Mr. Pierson's book is exactly on a level with the endless books which people, either without adequate reading or, worse still, with adequate reading but without adequate critical power, are constantly putting forth about Phenicians and Pelasgians, Manetho and Sanchoniatho, the Eleusinian mysteries and the Pre-Christian Cross. From the point of view of a scientific historian or mythologist, Mr. Pierson seems very low in the depths, but he is not lower than the whole school of such writers as Bryant and Faber; and that that school still has its followers the *Edinburgh Review* witnesses to this day. It is very strange when the wildest legends about Hebrew patriarchs and other primitive personages are put forth as "masonic traditions," with the confession that such traditions rest on no kind of evidence; but it is not more strange than when we see legends equally wild firmly believed by Irish and Cornish antiquaries.

Mr. Pierson would seem, like the late Vladika of Montenegro, to unite civil, ecclesiastical, and military functions. He is "Past Grand Master, Past Grand High Priest, Grand Captain General of the Grand Encampment of the U. S. of A., Sovereign Grand Inspector General, 33rd." Whether these last figures are the number of a regiment in the Grand Encampment we do not know; nor do we know whether all these functions imply any kind of book-learning. But we do know that, wild as is Mr. Pierson's nonsense, many people who make great pretensions to book-learning have written nonsense no less wild. Some of Mr. Pierson's assertions are a little startling. When we are told that "tradition carries the masonic association (not under that name) back to a period long anterior to the Deluge," we only ask, with Giraldus, how the documents were preserved. But when we are told that "the archives of the English Government furnish evidences of the existence of a society of *Masons* in the third century," this comes nearer home to us than anything about the Cabeiri and such like; we ask, in all anxiety, whether Sir Thomas Hardy or Mr. Brewer or Mrs. Green has ever stumbled on this most remarkable document. We ourselves will risk a conjecture. We will lay aside all difficulties as to English, British, and Roman. The third century carries us to the age of Severus and his sons. Severus built a wall; he therefore was possibly himself a mason; he could in any case hardly fail to have masons in his employ. The city of York, so closely connected with the history of Severus, is a city more illustrious in masonic annals than any other in Britain. There, we are told, "the first Grand Lodge of England was held in A.D. 926," a fact which the Northumbrian Chronicle has unthankfully neglected to preserve. But more than this; Freemasonry has redressed the ecclesiastical wrongs of the Northern province. The Primate of England need no longer envy the Primate of All England, when the Lodge at York is "the Grand Lodge of All England," while that in London is only "the Grand Lodge of England" (p. 317). We guess then that the society of masons whose existence in the third century is witnessed by the document in possession of the English Government was a society which, as the name of "England" was not yet known, did not as yet call itself the Grand Lodge of England, but which flourished at York under the patronage of Severus, and most likely built his great wall, as well as the walls of York and the polygonal tower. Nay more; we remarked before that the mystic picture which was revealed to us when the veil was lifted showed us several Cains killing several Abels. We withdraw our former unworthy interpretation; in the second Cain we recognise Caracalla, and in the second Abel we recognise Geta. The brother princes of the house of Severus no doubt fully carried out the principles of masonic brotherhood as taught by the effulgent light of the Royal Arch degree.

Here again is a very remarkable "legend of the Tower of Babel recited in a degree called the Noachites or Prussian Chevaliers." We have heard of Uhlians and we have heard of Teutonic Knights, but we did not know that either of those classes professed to be

Noachites in any sense but that in which all mankind might be said to be Noachites. However, here is the story:—

Peleg, who suggested the plan of this tower [seemingly that of Babel], and who had been the Grand Architect during its construction, being struck with the force of conscience, condemned himself to most rigorous penance. He migrated with his followers to the North of Germany, after having suffered great miseries and encountered great dangers in passing the mountains and plains on his way thither. In that part of the country which is now called Prussia he took up his residence. Here he built a triangular temple, where he enclosed himself that he might be able at leisure to worship God and implore him to pardon his transgression. In the course of excavation in the salt mines of Prussia, A.D. 553, there was discovered at the depth of fifteen cubits the foundations of a triangular edifice, in the centre of which was a small pillar of marble, on which the above history was inscribed in Hebrew characters, containing these words: "Here were deposited the ashes of the Grand Architect of the Tower of Babel. God showed him mercy, because he humbled himself." These monuments are said to be in the possession of the King of Prussia.

We should like some clearer information than we have as to the state of Prussia in A.D. 553.

Other strange passages may be found. "All the ancient statues of the heathen gods which have been discovered in Egypt, Greece, Persia, Hindostan, or America are uniformly decorated with aprons." We cannot say that our experience bears Mr. Pierson out on this head, and we were also a little startled at his speculations on the article of dress thus strangely girded about the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de' Medici:—

At this day it is connected with ecclesiastical honors; for the chief dignitaries of the Church, whenever an establishment with the necessary degrees of rank and subordination is formed, are invested with aprons as a peculiar badge of distinction, which is a collateral proof of the fact that Masonry was originally incorporated with the various systems of divine worship used by every people in the ancient world. Masonry retains the symbol or shadow, it cannot have renounced the reality or substance.

We of course cannot pretend to copy out a tithe of the strange things which are to be found in the book; but we really think that we could find parallels to most of them in books which are not written in the interest of Freemasonry, but which are simply full of wild talk about Pelasgians and the like. It is more important to notice how constantly Mr. Pierson refers to the year 1717 as an "epoch in the history of Freemasonry, immediately prior to which time but few lodges were in existence." This statement, or words to the same effect, are found several times in the book, and they certainly suggest to us that 1717 was the time when Freemasonry in the modern sense, that of a secret society professing mysterious knowledge, was invented. Mr. Pierson, with all his traditions, does not bring a word of direct evidence to show that it is older, or to show that it has any real connexion with any mediaeval guild of masons. For anything that we can see, the Free and Accepted Masons might as well have been called Free and Accepted Tinkers. There were undoubtedly masons in past times, and there were also foresters, and perhaps also odd fellows, but as regards any claim to real antiquity, the Freemasons, the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the—we forget their particular title—Order of Odd Fellows seem to stand on exactly the same level.

ANTI-JANUS.*

M. R. ROBERTSON did good service some thirty years ago by introducing Möhler's *Symbolik* to English readers, though his author suffered from the uncouth and pedantic style of the translation. He seems to have improved by practice, for his *Anti-Janus* is somewhat more readable, though it by no means reads, as has been said of the book against which it is directed, like an English book. But, considering the nature of the work, and especially of the translator's introduction, we doubt if the learned and liberal-minded President of Maynooth, Dr. Russell, will feel greatly flattered by having it dedicated to him. And the author, who is a man of some learning, and is above mere vulgar abuse and claptrap, will certainly not feel complimented at being told in the first page that he stands second only to Father Bottalla the Jesuit. Dr. Hergenröther's criticism of "Janus" if it is not very successful, as we shall presently see, differs in character and tone from the sort of treatment accorded by his infallibilist brother in England to that "infamous book." We cannot say as much for the so-called "History of Gallicanism" prefixed by the translator, which is little else than a *réchauffé* of the well-worn common-places of Ultramontane declamation against Gallicanism, and, so far as it is a history at all, gives a much fuller account of the reaction headed by Lamenais and De Maistre than of the system they so fiercely assailed. This is hardly wonderful when we find that the two best known of "the works chiefly made use of" by Mr. Robertson are Rohrbacher's too famous *Histoire de l'Eglise*, which turns all Church history into a Papal romance, and a History of Canon Law by Phillips, an English Ultramontane naturalized in Austria, whose partisanship is equally notorious. Of the earlier history and real basis of the Gallican doctrine the writer says, and apparently knows, hardly anything. But he is, like all genuine Ultramontanes, fanatical in his hatred of the Jananists, who were the very salt of the French Church, and he cannot spare even a passing word of recognition for the saintly virtues and cruel persecution of such personages as Nicole Arnauld, Pascal, the Mère Antélique, and Bishop Pavillon. To him they are simply the common

* *Anti-Janus. An Historico-Theological Criticism of "The Pope and the Council," by "Janus."* By Dr. Hergenröther. Translated by J. B. Robertson. Dublin: Kelly. 1870.

progenitors of the French Revolution, and are credited by implication with the worst excesses of the Reign of Terror. No doubt their peculiar theory of grace—which however, like the Calvinists, they derived in substance from St. Augustine—is sufficiently revolting to the moral sense; but it can only be distinguished by an invisible line from the system which has widely prevailed, under the name of "Thomism," among the most orthodox of Ultramontane divines, and is sheltered by the great name of the father of scholastic theology. It was not this, but their resolute resistance to Papal absolutism and the slippery casuistry of the Jesuit moralists, that was their real offence. But it is time to turn from the translator's introduction, which might well have been spared, to the contents of the work itself.

Dr. Hergenröther's opening chapters, contesting the accuracy of certain statements in five articles of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, we need not trouble ourselves with here further than to observe that he seems to us wholly to fail in his attempt to disprove them. The real gist of the book lies in his answer to the masterly argument of "Janus," based on a vast accumulation of converging testimonies, against the new dogma of Papal infallibility. And our general criticism would be that two radical flaws run through the whole of it. No doubt the writer makes, or seems to make, a point here and there in matters of detail, though perhaps his German adversaries may be prepared, even in these cases, with a rejoinder. But he confounds accidents with essence, and has missed the true significance of the controversy altogether. The most effective portions of his reply either turn on an elaborate *ignoratio elenchi*, to use the logical formula, or on fine-drawn distinctions which only a theological expert can appreciate, and which do not go to the root of the matter. Thus, for instance, it makes very little practical difference whether certain propositions condemned in the *Syllabus* are to be regarded as heretical, or only as "false and temerarious." That the extravagant pretensions of the Popes "contributed to the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches," to take our author's own example, is a fact which lies on the very surface of history, and an infallible authority which bids us reject the statement as "false and temerarious" thereby condemns itself. Nor is it more to the purpose to defend the Church's "coactive power" by telling us that "spiritual penalties were and are the ordinary ones, the temporal being much more rare." They are more rare in the present day, because there is less opportunity of enforcing them; but the *Syllabus* distinctly asserts the principle, and the famous Bull *Uam Sanctam*, which was issued *ex cathedra*, if ever any decision was *ex cathedra*, defines that "it is necessary to salvation for every human creature to submit to the Roman Pontiff," not merely in spiritual matters, as Dr. Hergenröther would have us believe, but in temporal, as is abundantly clear from the context of the Bull, no less than from the quarrel to which it gave rise. And we cannot quite agree with him that this is a "principle of primitive Christianity." In other places he draws distinctions which certainly will not be admitted by his more consistent allies, as when he seeks to limit decisions *ex cathedra* strictly to the revealed deposit; whereas the great infallibilist leader at the Council, Archbishop Manning, has insisted, justly enough, on extending it to all which is either in contact with revelation or in opposition to it, and thus brings the whole domain of history, science, criticism, politics, and morality under the jurisdiction of the Papacy. Indeed there is something both disingenuous and cowardly in the quibbling of cautious infallibilists over the precise limitation of *ex cathedra* definitions, as though, having made the Pope infallible, the next thing was to tie his tongue that he may never, or hardly ever, be able to exercise his divine gift of inerrancy. Such distinctions are equally futile and dishonest; futile, because an infallible Pope must obviously be able to decide—*ex cathedra* if he pleases—the conditions of his own infallibility; and dishonest, because they are simply brought forward for controversial purposes, and are dropped the moment any practical attempt is made to apply them as securities against arbitrary impositions on behalf.

It would of course be impossible here to follow the author in detail through the long chapter in reply to the testimonies of Janus on the alleged errors and contradictions of the Popes. But we will examine one specimen of the method of reply which, as it has been selected for special encomium by the *Tablet*, cannot be considered an unfair one. Eugenius IV. issued, after the Council of Florence, a dogmatic decree to the Armenians, in which, among other things, the form and matter of the seven Sacraments are rigidly defined, and certain ceremonies are defined to be the essential "matter" of Ordination and Confirmation, which were not introduced till a comparatively late date into the Latin Church, and have never been in use in the East. It follows, of course, if this doctrine is true, that no priesthood can ever have existed in the Church at all, and therefore, according to the received Catholic belief, no Sacraments except baptism and marriage. Dr. Hergenröther's explanation, which he has borrowed from Denzinger, is that the decree had no doctrinal bearing, and was simply intended to prescribe to the Armenians the adoption of the Latin ceremonial. It is sufficient to observe of this explanation that it is directly contradicted by the whole scope and the express language of the Bull, which is not practical, but strictly dogmatic, giving a full summary of Christian doctrine, beginning with the Trinity and Incarnation, and as regards this particular portion of it, that it professes to expound the "truth and doctrine" of the Sacraments, not to supply rules for the method of administering them. Nothing but

the desperate exigencies of controversy could have led any one to excogitate so wild an interpretation of the Bull. There is much the same kind of laboured manipulation of the "ten facts" cited by "Janus" to illustrate the immense difference between the early and mediæval claims of Rome. All, or nearly all, the facts are substantially admitted, but are then immediately discounted, so to speak, by the help of some counter allegations. Thus the testimony of a small Italaian Synod in 385 is actually quoted in justification of the admitted forgery of a confirmation of the Council of Nice, 160 years before, by Pope Sylvester, for which there is not a shred of contemporary evidence. So again with the long series of forgeries which did so much to build up the modern system of the Papacy. Dr. Hergenröther generally admits their existence, as indeed he could hardly help doing, but seeks to evade their force by suggesting that in some cases there was no intention to deceive, which may be true but is quite irrelevant, and that these forged documents after all only served to illustrate and define a system which had grown up in the regular and legitimate order of development without their aid. Now of course it is true in a certain sense that they were the result of existing facts. The Isidorian Decretals, e.g., could not possibly have been compiled in the third or fourth century. But it is none the less true that they exerted an enormous reflex influence, and that each fresh layer in the vast formation of spurious testimonies supplied at once the basis for the next, and a fresh stepping-stone for the Papacy in its gradual ascent to supremacy.

There is another line of argument adopted by Dr. Hergenröther, and which is most conspicuously exhibited in his chapter on "the Papedom in history," true enough in itself, but resting, as we said before, on a complete *ignoratio elenchi*, so far as it is urged against "Janus." The question is not whether a primacy of some kind was not instituted from the first, which all Roman Catholics are agreed upon; nor whether the gradual development of its claims may not be regarded as providential, which to believers in Providence must be obvious; nor even whether at the zenith of its power it did not confer important services on the Church and the world which could hardly have been looked for from any other source. Our author quotes several testimonies of distinguished Protestant writers, and the translator gives others in an appendix, and might have added more, who have maintained that "the great power of the Popes worked, on the whole, advantageously, especially as regards the education of the nations of Europe." It would betray the shallowest prejudice to deny it. In this respect the Rationalist scholars of Germany have done good service to the interests of historical criticism no less than to the mediæval Church. But it is one thing to say that a certain institution has worked on the whole beneficially in the designs of Providence under given circumstances, and quite another thing to say that its power was rightfully acquired, or ought to be permanent. The old Hebrew monarchy conferred great services on the nation; but its origin is ascribed in the Old Testament to a sinful rebellion against the theocracy which it superseded. The mediæval Papacy may have been, so far as we can see, a necessity for the peculiar social condition of Europe at the time, and yet have been a partly deliberate and partly unconscious usurpation. Supposing this side of the history is ignored by "Janus," his argument is not affected by the omission; for he did not profess to be writing a history of the Papacy or the Church, but was simply engaged in disproving the legitimacy of certain claims, especially the claim of infallibility, which are now being arrogated for the Popes, not as an excusable and perhaps practically beneficial exaggeration in the past, but as a divine and indefeasible possession for all times. Thus when we are told that many evils of former ages have been reformed, and that "it is very unjust to rake together abuses from different ages as if they had uniformly remained the same," this would be a perfectly fair reply to an indiscriminate attack on the mediæval or modern Popes, but it is no reply to a criticism on the general tendency and lofty pretensions of the Papal system. There is the same confusion of thought displayed in excusing the Papal decrees against witchcraft by the example of similar cruelties perpetrated under the Patriarchs of Constantinople. No one can justly blame either Popes or Patriarchs for not rising above the intellectual standard of their day, but then nobody has claimed infallibility for the latter. When that claim is made for the Popes, it is important to point out that an incalculable number of judicial murders, both of witches and heretics, have been perpetrated through many centuries with their express and repeated sanction, in a long series of official ordinances issued *proprio motu*, and forming a complete code of penal legislation. No honest infallibilist can avoid accepting that code as a genuine expression of the pure morality of the Gospel.

We must observe, in conclusion, a peculiarity of Dr. Hergenröther's, which is not creditable. He is extremely fond of quoting the earlier works of Döllinger's, especially one published forty years ago, against what are supposed to be his present opinions, and in one place at least he commits the conspicuous injustice of citing a passage of critical importance from the first edition of his work on *Christianity and the Church*, without giving the slightest hint that it is omitted in the second edition. Whether or not Döllinger had any hand in the composition of *Janus*, as his critic seems to suspect, is no affair of ours. But it is obvious that, if his present opinions differ in some respects from what he has formerly avowed, they can only gain additional weight from the circumstance. It is never pleasant, especially to persons of high reputation

and advanced age, to confess themselves in the wrong, and in this case every motive of personal interest or feeling would conspire to hinder rather than prompt such an avowal.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.*

THE critic's task is generally one more dull than lively, having to deal with work of that exasperatingly level sort that it cannot be heartily praised nor yet absolutely condemned, but must be handled as tamely as it is itself colourless and lifeless. When he gets hold therefore of a book like *Bought with a Price*, he feels that he has at least something on which to dilate; and he is so far grateful to his author in thus supplying pabulum—which is no mean recommendation. A criticism on *Bought with a Price* is certainly not the making of bricks without straw. Like all truly wonderful things, this book shows signs of its quality in the very beginning. We must give the opening words, for no paraphrase of ours would do justice to them; and, as they will be as intelligible to the reader of this review as they are to the reader of the book itself, we need not apologize for any want of coherence they may have:—

"The only thing now to be decided is, where to go for our wedding journey."

"You said it was to be Circassia."

Clear brown eyes looked up to him from under delicately-painted lids, belonging to a creature of extraordinary beauty. This occurred at Wyvern Hall many years ago, and to-day at Welford another pair stand by the bright fire, and a tall man says to a fair woman,

"The only thing to be decided now is, where to go for our wedding journey."

Clear brown eyes under pencilled eyebrows looked at the speaker, and the bride-elect shivered as she said,

"I know it will be Circassia, unless you change to Russia or Norway."

A golden light shone about the beautiful head, for the flames danced up the wide chimney, and her hair, of a golden tinge, caught the light and revolved in it.

Great strong arms encircled her for a moment, and he, smiling, said,

"Why not Russia?"

"There is no reason except that I feel we are bound for Circassia, and it is so cold."

"It will not be cold in the woods. There is no wind in the woods."

"Are we to live in a pine forest?"

"I should like it with you only."

This fair woman with the clear brown eyes under pencilled eyebrows is one Olivia, and the man with the great strong arms is the Honourable Ronald Eversleigh. After this they marry; and as "Olivia had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, Ronald in the Anglican" (though why, seeing that Olivia has been brought up by Ronald's father, is not very clear), "the marriage was something more lengthy, and possibly this added to its popularity." And when they are married they go away and travel, and Olivia has a dream about a Circassian woman, which she cannot tell her husband because it was "of their own son, whose love of a Circassian woman had troubled her in dreams." In consequence of this dream Olivia has forebodings and shiverings. Ronald thinks only that she is fatigued and cold, and he loads her with shawls. Apparently also, he brings her coffee, for we read that "The wife, so loving, drank the coffee, and the clear brown eyes looked gratefully at Ronald; the bright head nestled on his shoulder"; but even after her coffee she was troubled with more shiverings and more forebodings, and a stronger sense of certainty that "something connected with Circassia would occur to make or mar the future." It must be borne in mind that these two poetic persons are at this time ecstatically happy, and that the author lays much stress on Olivia's perfect love and trust in her husband; yet she cannot shake off the impression of that dream, and if she has to pronounce the word Circassian, she hesitates, is troubled, and silent. When she gets to Constantinople she amuses herself a little better; "sweet waters float her; rest of heart and soul, peace and love, are hers for the moment. She has given up recurring to the possible cataract and clouds which the future may disclose." They go on the Danube again, pass the Iron Gate of waters which had caused her some vague terror, escape the mosquitoes, "fortunately for Mrs. Eversleigh, who dreaded the ephemeral scourge," and then "a battle-royal with the hornets, the bloated countenances of wretched Cossacks, much pleasure and few disagreements brought them to the capital of the Ottoman Empire." "Indeed," adds Mr. Pomeroy, "with scenes of varied interest, beautiful scenery and much diversity, tourists may pass with great ease from Vienna to Constantinople." We make our readers a present of both the sense and syntax of this delicious sentence; and only beg any fortunate experimenter to tell us how he managed when he has had a battle-royal with the hornets and the bloated countenances of wretched Cossacks take him from Vienna to Constantinople.

Now the Circassian comes on the scene. She is generally called in the book the Lady Mérissa, and is the daughter of the Prince Nottakagi, whose "appearance has something majestic, extremely martial, and commanding; with a fine flowing beard, dark moustaches, and free elastic action." Mérissa, his daughter, had "natural elegance, perfect form, and graceful easy deportment. She wore the usual red morocco bodice, which is the unmarried woman's habit, but gold brocade and silvered muslin were her ideals in toilette." But Mérissa has to be sold; for the prince, by resent-

* *Bought with a Price*. A Novel. By John Pomeroy, Author of "Golden Pippin," "Home from India," &c. 1 vol. London: Tinsley Brothers.

ing some infringement of law or usage, had lost everything, and nothing but the sale of the lovely lady whose ideals in toilette were gold brocade and silvered muslin could redeem him. However, this was done, and then "with a brow expressive of the fiercest indignation the prince restored his farms, saw cattle graze, and was comforted." On her way to Constantinople, Mérissa, who is very sea-sick, is wrecked in the channel of the Bosphorus, and saved by Ronald Eversleigh. When Ronald returns sooner than he was expected to Constantinople, Olivia throws herself into his arms in rapture, crying, "How very nice; how good of you!" But as he goes on to tell her that there has been a wreck, and that "a poor young thing is on board" the English steamer "with eyes like a gazelle, drooping and alone," she gasps out, "And you came?—I cannot bear it, Ronald! I have tried, but I cannot, cannot bear it!" and falls fainting on a sofa. As Ronald is happy in her love, and trusts her as he would trust heaven, he has naturally enough no suspicion that this means jealousy; and the next day, when saying her prayers, reasoning with herself, and sleep have "effected a beneficial change in her"—when, too, she sees her husband "open the latest *Times* with avidity, that showed a mind at ease in her estimation"—she is calm and placid as usual. When the question comes before her, what is to be done with the Circassian, she turns pale as ashes; but, strong and resolute to conquer her pang of jealousy, she proposes that the Lady Mérissa should be brought to her, and sent back to Circassia when recovered.

There now comes in a quantity of episodical rubbish about certain men and women who all live and act and talk in the same spasmodic manner; who are just as little human, just as utterly absurd and like the vaguest kind of waxwork, as those we have already seen; and connected with this ancillary narrative is the history of one Alan Frazer, a High Church clergyman whose parochial activities and conscientious discharge of his official duties impress all the personages interested, and in the end convert some of them, as if they had been heathens outright, and had never seen before a Christian minister. Olivia, being a Roman Catholic, is assumed to be in the last degree benighted, and had she been one of Voltaire's Hurons in his native woods, she could not have been less alive, to all appearance, to religious impressions or influences until she is made acquainted with Alan Frazer's story. But this comes later. We now have a gap filled up with a diary, wherein the names of living men figure, and which is made up of items like these:—

17th. To Geneva. At Geneva we fell in with some people we knew—the Kens, and Lord F. and family, and also several foreigners.

22nd. We visited Madame de Staél's palace.

24th. We went with Lord F.'s family to the Salavé.

25th. William Parker and I went en route to Chamonix as far as Saint Martin.

26th. Walked the rest of the way to Chamonix.

27th. Walked to the Jardin and back.

28th. Made preparations for the ascent of Mont Blanc. Parker had to leave for England.

This kind of thing occupies just fifty-nine pages, and maintains its character to the last; four out of the five last entries being— "22nd. Bagdad at 8 A.M. Rested all day. Saw only L. and read. 28th. Called on Mr. H., banker and merchant. 25th. Boar-hunting this morning. I rode the Prince, and took one spear. Killed seven. Bazaars in the afternoon. 26th. Sunday." Having got over the diary, which is headed "Freedom," we come to the fact that Mérissa has wandered back to Constantinople again; it being evidently within the range of Oriental social possibilities that a lovely Circassian girl should come and go at her own sweet will, and, after having been bought, should not be claimed by any one; also it is quite like a Circassian mother who has consented to the sale of her daughter, that she should hang a votive wreath round the image of the Virgin and pray for the girl's return, "as she left the country," delicately says Mr. Pomeroy. When Olivia hears of the Lady Mérissa's reappearance at Constantinople, and that Roland proposes to go there to redeem her, she becomes rather more insane than she must have been all along—we should say from her birth upward; and when Ronald sends his faithful friend Victor a *billet de banque* to pay the lady's hotel bills, the "wifeling" takes it into her head that he has "bought her with a price," and "every day she tended her little son the recollection of Mérissa annoyed her." The boy had been baptized according to the English Church, and this also annoyed Olivia. She tries to make her husband promise that, if she has a little girl, she shall be brought up in the Romish Church; but Ronald answers, "Do not ask it," and his "voice and manner told her that, light and gay as his tone had hitherto been, he was a husband and father, and the depths were sounded. Truth is founded on a rock, immovable."

The end of this part of this most wonderful book is that Olivia runs away from her husband, and conceals herself in London or Plymouth for some unknown time. The author goes minutely into her financial operations, and makes her sell her rings and lockets and bracelets in approved fashion. Ronald and his father do the best they can without her, and do not attempt to find her. They have so much delicacy that they fear they should make her flight public if they were to look for her; so they leave her alone like Little Bo-peep's sheep, sure that in time she will return to them. "She is so good," Ronald said, "nothing will harm her; only it is so lonely without her." Which is certainly not a too hysterical wail from a young husband bemoaning the sudden disappearance, kept up for many months, of his adored wife and child, his little Protestant, and the heir to as many castles as there are

letters in the alphabet. Meanwhile Olivia has had another baby, a girl, whom, to prove that she is cured of her jealousy, she calls Olivia Mérissa; and she furthermore recounts her former faith, and is received into the Protestant communion, mainly influenced thereto by the good life of Alan Frazer, as told by Victor. Then she travels off to Altenburg, where she had left her husband when she ran away, and faints in his arms; but Ronald takes off her bonnet, and she is soon restored. After this comes a confused account of a fire, and a confused resemblance between Mérissa and somebody else; and then Mérissa becomes a Sister of Charity according to the Anglican rule, and comes to England with everybody else.

And so ends a book like to nothing we have seen before, save Mr. Pomeroy's former works. It must not be thought that these absurd personages of whom we have been telling are in any degree more like flesh and blood than Madame Tussaud's wax-works; indeed, they are rather less so. They are about as real as a confectioner's sugar ornaments; and the whole book bears much the same relation to literature that those confectioners' ornaments bear to food. It suggests a curious theme for speculation as to what readers it will have; for that it is addressed to a public of some kind is obvious from the fact of its publication. Yet who will buy it? who will read it, unless obliged in the way of business? who will willingly wade through over three hundred pages of this unredeemed trash?

BEEVER'S SUCCESSFUL FARMING.*

THERE is a vast charm in the details of personal experience. Capel Lofft's *Self-Formation*, or "the History of an Individual Mind," found readers in the last generation on this score alone. Fynes Clinton's *Autobiography*, recounting his successful combination of the scholarly with the practical life, is scarcely less instructive than his *Facts*. Not even the *Aristology*, or *Art of Dining*, of "Original" Walker, deserves and secures so much favour, with those who are acquainted with the papers of that very amusing essayist, as his confidences about "the Art of attaining High Health." To come to days present, Mr. Hole's *Book about Roses* owes its second and third editions mainly to the fact that he recounts in it his own experiments in rose culture, and the successes of which he himself *parva magna fuit*. Not unlike him in having and using this charmed key to his reader's sympathy, though not quite up to him in style, ease, unforced liveliness, and fund of anecdote, is the author of *Successful Farming*, a clergyman till lately engaged in teaching—a pursuit with which neither he nor (to his honour be it said) his bishop appears to have found the theory and practice of agriculture incompatible. We should have little fear that any of Mr. Beever's old pupils would come to shipwreck through taking to farming as a profession, if they were to study and lay to heart the lessons of experience which he summarizes from his own diaries, and which are conveyed in such a pleasant fashion that the book is just the one for a would-be agriculturist to take up when resting awhile from hard work out of doors. From it the "tiro" (by the way, printers ought to spell the word with an "i," not a "y") may lay in a store of really valuable maxims; the mature farmer may gather, in condensed form and clear language, some bits of the book-learning which it is his misfortune that he too generally undervalues; and even the landlord whose land has not hitherto given many tokens of practical excellence may find some crumbs of comfort if it can grow "large trees, black thorns, rank grass, and luxuriant thistles" (p. 70). The first and last of the three classes which these typical personages represent unquestionably need hints and helps; the second need not be above taking them. And whereas the *Book of the Farm* and the *Book of the Landed Estate* are not only costly, but of formidable bulk in the eyes of those whose literary tastes are soon satisfied, Mr. Beever's way of putting the same information in a more compendious and less didactic form entitles him to a welcome which, unless we are mistaken, his manner and matter equally bespeak for him. His aptness and authority to teach on the subject he has chosen are avouched by the fact of his having obtained the Royal Agricultural Society's prize for the best essay on "Time of Entry on Farms," an essay which the "Journal Committee" have allowed him to make use of in his *Successful Farming*.

In the science of farming there are tiros of two kinds—young men who take up farming as their vocation, and men of older growth upon whom circumstances thrust the necessity of some acquaintance with agriculture to manage their glebe land, or the estate, larger or smaller, which may have fallen to them. To both sorts Mr. Beever will prove a trustworthy and acceptable oracle, the more so because in every sentence of his book he is eminently practical. From first to last he enforces the importance of a farmer's being himself thoroughly able to gauge his men's work by personal familiarity with it. In one of his opening pages he recommends his readers to train the eye and foot in weights and measures, so as to be able "to take rapid stock" of an animal's carcass, the length of a field, or the solid contents of a rick. Sharp men have been taken in before now through default of this capacity, which is not hard of acquirement, and which, where it is acquired and brought to bear, not only stands a man in good stead, but raises among practical men the estimate of his powers. This kind of education teaches that "a workman should, with a binder, reap

an acre of wheat, and a little more of rye, in a day; of peas, vetches, &c., one acre"; it also enables one to be even with a slack ploughman, hedger, or ditcher. But there are a host of lessons and distinctions which it is necessary to lay to heart, and which, put concisely as in the extracts of Mr. Beever's Diary, can be easily referred to, if the memory at first needs refreshing. This, indeed, ought not to be the case as regards such wholesome advice as that about never locking up money and capital in many buildings (pp. 12-14), and about confining yourself to the implements and apparatus immediately necessary, and doing without "fads" in the matter of new inventions; although our author would strongly dissuade an incoming tenant from taking to old implements at a bargain, because, discount considered, new and better may be got as cheap. Again, what a sound lesson is that which recommends that a stack or two of hay should always be kept as a "bank-reserve" against the chance of a dry summer, and a kindred bit of forethought as to keeping up a rowen or rounen—i.e. a rigidly unfed aftermath for spring keep, and a juicy bite for ewes and lambs at an inclement season (pp. 22-5). As Mr. Beever notes elsewhere, "all men in charge of stock need looking after as to consumption of hay," and will evade so far as they can the observance of the order to cut chaff, hay, and straw together. The farmer's memorandum-book ought to act as a check on this, and it is a justifiable "pious fraud" upon your carters and ploughmen to have a stack or two at a distance from home. They will not always be drafting off from home when they have to carry their load further. "Set all the ricks beside the homestead, and, despite the best attention, they will somehow vanish sooner than they should. It is such easy feeding to cram the rick with hay." The housekeeping mind will appreciate the truth of this remark, if for "rick" and "hay" it substitutes "grates" and "coal," as keenly, we suspect, as the agricultural. Mr. Beever's precepts as to economy, with the exception of one petty exercise of it in the conversion of old horseshoes into loops for side-posts for a shifting set of rails—to our thinking a very Jemmy Woodish proceeding—are in the highest degree noteworthy. In no calling is there greater risk of unforeseen loss than in that of the farmer. Here is a manly recipe for making it a gain:—

Supposing you may have lost a twenty-pound note in an unfortunate deal or speculation, tighten down the above-mentioned screw on your own private expenditure, but not so that those about you feel it, an extra couple of twists. Make careful registry of the things done without, and you will find, sooner than you expect, that you have not only improved your habit, but have laid up thirty pounds in lieu of the lost twenty.

The discipline of such self-restraint would indeed be worth any money, but one should not covet many such losses by way of a trial-ground. Nor need there be many, if certain plain maxims and distinctions are borne well in mind, and our course and choice influenced by a regard to these. Thus it is better to sell your beasts to the butcher by weight—live or dead weight—than by measurement, in which case he will overreach you by a quibble about "fat" or "prime"; and furthermore to sell at home and not at the market, whence you may bring home disease. Better also to sell grain, on Rothschild's principle, "when prices have been at their highest, and are beginning to fall." Then, again, it is a good thing to distinguish clearly between the merits and relative expense of artificial and farmyard manures—a distinction which will, if Mr. Beever's statistics and experience are sound, have no inconsiderable influence upon the economical question. Both for grass and for roots he deliberately prefers home-made muck, holding that the artificial compound sold by manufacturers and full of phosphate of lime is, after all, "rather of a gin-and-water than of a beef-and-pudding nature," to say nothing of its being more costly. If a stimulant must be had, guano, nitrate of soda, or some other ammoniacal manure is best for quantity; and for quality, lime or bones. But if guano is had recourse to, it should be good, and several criterions of this are suggested at p. 88. Superphosphate is your stimulant for roots; but these artificials are a tonic, and not a lasting sustenance. To stick to the field's gizzard, whether grass, roots, or grain, there is nothing like home-made manure, which, for the corn lands especially, should be only straw-made, with no admixture of hayloft sweepings, weed heaps, &c.; and it should be given by preference in a somewhat substantial form, rather than through the soft spoon-food-giving appliance of a water-cart. With this sort of manure Arthur Young held that every farmer ought to be able to dress a fifth, and a well-to-do farmer a third, of his land annually; and Mr. Meechi goes the length of purchasing grain or linseed to feed stock on the farm, for the manure's sake. You may lose by the animals, but the manure is not half so costly as guano, and goes much further. "A farmer," he argues, "should send his spring corn to market on four legs, instead of through the merchant or miller." A practical hint on this topic is that manure heaps should be under a shed, and have a coating of salt to prevent escape of ammonia; and the tiro may find the calculation of service, that one ton of straw ought to make three of manure, and as the average yield of straw is one and a-half tons per acre, therefore four tons and a-half of manure will be made to every acre of arable land. *À propos* of stimulants, Mr. Beever has no great opinion of "Thorley" for *bond fide* feeding. He says it is, like the arsenic which secures the Styrian peasant's lowness—a condiment which, once taken to, cannot be left off.

It is out of the question to attempt to notice within our limits even a tithe of our Amateur's experience, or to give an adequate

* *Successful Farming: its Essentials, &c.* From the Diary of an Amateur Farmer. By the Rev. W. Holt Beever, M.A. Oxon. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1870.

idea of how well he couples doctrine with experimental data. Hints and tables about succession of crops will be found in pp. 72-6; about grass-seed and their vitality, if kept above ground beyond the year, as against root and vegetable seeds and their vitality, in pp. 79-81; and about the best material for fences in another part of the first half of the volume. As regards these last he holds whitethorn to be as good as any, and he suggests with regard to that fine fence when you get it to grow, the holly, that the way to deal with seemingly perishing plants of it is to "cut them close to the soil, and they will spring from the very ground." Despite its golden blossom, we should hardly have thought the "fury" entitled to a place among excellent fences, because of its aptness to get thin at the bottom. Mr. Beever hits the sole blot of iron-railing and wire-fencing (provided these be made strong enough) when he suggests that it involves sheds being built for cattle shelter, the lack of hedges necessarily exposing the stock "to the accumulated force of the sweeping blast across the open." Perhaps, for a sample of his easy yet masterly treatment of his subject in all its phases, there is no section more happy than that on the modes of improving grass land. These are *drawing*, if it be wet or sedgy, care being taken not to drain too dry; *warping*, or letting on, through flood-gates, river water charged with alluvial deposits; and *watering*, by a spring or brook turned on by means of carriers. The best water is that which is soft to the touch, and in which thrive trout and watercresses. If watering and warping are impossible, we are counselled to ascertain the ingredients of our soil, and to give it a tonic accordingly. Bearing in mind that the best soil contains four parts of clay, three of sand, two of calcareous matter, and one of magnesia, it cannot be difficult to supply the defect of a pasture somewhat after the fashion of the "navvy" in Mr. Hole's Rose-book, who had not been tenant of a bit of gravelly garden-ground for a fortnight "before he swooped it for a pond," that is, exchanged it for an accumulation of pond-mud, leaves, and silt, together with a cart-load or two of clay. A charming method of ascertaining the ingredients of one's soil is to note its indigenous wild plants:—

These [writes Mr. Beever] if you carefully gather and botanically identify (a most delightful occupation, *experto crede*), you may ascertain the ingredients of your soil; for lists of the plants special to each kind you will find systematically arranged in any of the best publications upon general agriculture. For instance, to enumerate a few briefly, the growth of sainfoin always shows a calcareous soil; the common coltsfoot, blue clay; the rush and the potentilla, clay; wood-sorrel, the presence of iron; the field horsetail, a retentive, clayey subsoil; the poppy, silica; the pimpernel and thistle, a good loam; the rest-harrow, a dry, barren soil over rotten rock; and so on over a long list.

Of sainfoin he notes elsewhere that its vocation is that of a vegetable miner; it improves land by drawing up supplies from among the clefts of the rock. It has also the singular virtue of lasting, if properly treated, for twenty years and more, and leaving the ground the better. Clover-growth is wonderfully promoted by wood ashes and burnt clay; and it is an ascertained fact that, wherever a fire has occurred, white clover will sooner or later spring up (p. 80). Akin to this subject it is curious to note the modern consensus of opinion in favour of Virgil's maxim "sape etiam steriles incendere profuit agros." But the best friends to the soil, after manure of course, are lime and salt. It is a mistake to mix lime with manure, as it will rob it of its virtue. Its function is to revive the dormant element in the soil, after it has had manure incorporated with it. "The more lime you blend with soil (that needs it) the finer will be the root bulbs, the greater the number of animals fed, the more milk, and the more bone built up." Nor is the efficacy of salt much less precious. One curious field for this, as our author notes in his "Calendar of Operations," is in mangold sowing, where it is found profitable to put 6*½* cwt. of salt to every acre of ground, as well as a good dressing of dung in the drills. The key to this is the fact that the mangold is a seaside root. It is neither possible nor needful to say more about the valuable pages which justify a preference for an autumn over a spring taking and entering upon a farm, than that every argument adduced tends to show that it is bare justice to the farmer; while, as Mr. Chandos Hoskyns has noted, the argument that a spring entry involves less capital, secures quicker returns, and puts off improvement till the next winter, is obviously fallacious. But this question, and the contemplation of the operations of one month after another, do not admit of summary. They deserve to be considered *in extenso*. The charm of this book to the reviewer and to general readers will be the crumble of information and good advice which are to be pounced upon, turn to what page you will. Under the head, for example, of "A Medicine Chest," which every farmer ought to have, we find it laid down that, in the case of death amongst stock, there should always be a post-mortem examination. This would help, we may observe, to solve the problem of the loss of bullocks and heifers from acorn-eating, which, it may be suspected, is the result of gorging to excess this esculent in a crude form. It might trace home the mysterious deaths of sheep afield. Mr. Beever, in a very amusing passage, traces this occasionally "to the treacherous fashion" gipsy folk have "of running a long needle into the victim's heart, and then coming next day to beg from the too credulous farmer the old sheep that has died upon its pasture."

Mr. Beever's only drawback is a little inconsecutiveness, as when he inserts a passage about "early rising" amidst a discussion of the fluctuations of demand for articles of live and dead consumption. But this is an infinitesimal speck on the surface of a very clear and readable book.

THE CHASE, THE TURF, AND THE ROAD.*

THE reappearance of this series of papers, originally written for the *Quarterly Review*, and given to the world about forty years ago, is justified by the publisher on the ground of the eagerness with which they were then read, and "the approbation bestowed upon them by all classes of readers." It is probable that the novelty of the subjects had a good deal to do with the remarkable popularity of these essays, and that the readers of an ordinarily grave periodical were agreeably surprised by the unwonted introduction of lighter topics. It strikes us that the intrinsic merit of these papers was never great, and has, by the lapse of time, become gradually less. The glories of the Road are gone for ever; the Turf has been metamorphosed in the last forty years, and the warnings that fell on dull ears in 1830 will not, we believe, attract any more attention now; and though Leicestershire is still as ugly and as dear to foxhunters as ever, the long lists of names of departed heroes of the chase with which "Nimrod" crowds his pages will convey little meaning to, and awake little sympathy in, the minds of modern Meltonians. To revive our interest in the past, the past must be brought vividly before us; and in descriptive as well as in narrative power "Nimrod" is singularly deficient. The episode of Snob and the little bay mare was very well at the time when it was written, but no one would care to recur to it now that we can read Major Whyte Melville's *Market Harborough*. The sketches of racing are very inferior to those in *Silk and Scarlet*, and other similar works by the late Mr. Dixon; and as for the description of Dangerous's Derby in 1833, all we can say of it is that it is about as like the Derby of our day as a donkey-race is to the Grand National. "It is a terrible race," says "Nimrod"; "there are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win." We should think not. We never saw a Derby in which more than three had a chance within the distance; and it is generally all over from that point, or else reduced to a match.

But let us look at these papers somewhat more in detail. In writing of the road "Nimrod" had this advantage, that the stage-coach was just then at the zenith of its glory—such glory as it was—before giving way at once and for ever to the steam-engine. The old-fashioned coaches and coachmen had been supplanted by a new order of conveyances and drivers, and journeys were accomplished with greater celerity and with greater security. But when the best that can be said for coach travelling has been said—and we do not forget De Quincey and the *Glory of Motion*—it does not amount to much. It amounts about to this, that going very fast in the open air, on a fine day or a bright moonlight night, produces an agreeable and somewhat exhilarating sensation, and that it is a fine thing to drive a four-in-hand. Not one passenger in ten thousand was ever able to attain to the last-named distinction, and bright summer nights are in this country only occasional luxuries. To the ordinary traveller we firmly believe a long journey by coach was a time of discomfort and misery. If inside, respiration was barely possible; if outside, he might be likened to a pillar of dust by day, and a pillar of ice by night. If a comparison must be made between two extremely disagreeable things, we should be inclined to make it in favour of the old-fashioned coach. Then there were at least occasional interludes of rest during a long journey, when the cramped and wearied traveller could stretch his legs; and there was an ample supply of good substantial fare all along the line of travel—fine old English breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, and grand ribs and rounds of beef, very different from the skinny morsels offered to one in modern hotels. It is true that the old coachman very generally got drunk as the day wore on, and that accidents, of one sort or another, were the rule rather than the exception; but, providentially, the old coachman frequently fell fast asleep at nightfall, and the risk then was much less than if he had been awake. If he could be trusted to sit still and snore from one stage to another, the horses, who knew every inch of their stage much better than their driver, might be safely trusted to do their work without a mistake. De Quincey's description of the sleeping coachman with his hand vice between his upper and lower thigh, and the reins so firmly grasped that it was impossible to remove them, the horses meanwhile tearing along at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, was a highly-coloured but not unfaithful picture of the conditions under which His Britannic Majesty's subjects were frequently carried up and down the country in the night season. When the new system began of fast coaches, the old coachmen were naturally discarded, and the new ones were men of different habits. They were compelled to keep punctual time, they had not the same opportunities of getting drunk, for there was no pulling-up at every ale-house along the road, and even the change of horses was accomplished in one minute, instead of a quarter of an hour. The jolivility of the road, in short, was entirely done away with, and coaching became a serious business, so many miles having to be done in so many hours, and no allowances being made for delays. One specimen from "Nimrod," to show the contrast between the old and the new style:—

The Shrewsbury and Chester Highflyer started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance, forty miles. This was always a good hard road for wheels, and rather favourable for draught; and how, then, could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a "commercial gentleman" had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a "real gentleman" wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season, half an hour was generally consumed in

* *The Chase, the Turf, and the Road.* By Nimrod. New Edition. London: John Murray. 1870.

consuming one of them ; for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmers' wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham ; for coaches lived well in those days—they now live upon air ; and Wrexham church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid Gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales ! Then Wrexham was also famous for ale—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin ! About two hours were allowed for dinner ; but Billy Williams—one of the best-tampered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and, until lately, upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so. "The coach is ready, gentlemen," he would say ; "but don't let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle." A coach now runs over this ground *a trifile under four hours*.

Thank heaven, both the old and the new coaches are gone now ; but of the two, we should have preferred the one that "dined at Wrexham," drank Sir Watkin's ale, and did not mind waiting for an extra bottle, to the one that "lived on air," and allowed only fifty-five seconds for changing horses.

When "Nimrod" celebrated the doings of the Quorn hounds under the régime of Mr. Osbaldeston, foxhunting had already passed from what we may call the old coaching to the new coaching era. The days of our great-grandfathers who rose with the lark and pottered about their woodlands hour after hour, and who would as soon have thought of riding up Mont Blanc as of a five-mile burst without a check, were over, except in some distant and unfashionable counties ; and hunting, in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, began to be looked upon as an opportunity for hard riding, as well as for exhibiting the sagacity and the endurance of the well-bred foxhound. True, the fox was still somewhat considered, and some satisfaction was felt in seeing the labours of the pack rewarded with a well-deserved kill ; but there were already signs of a disposition, now acknowledged and, too often, with admiration, to turn foxhunting into steeple-chasing. Men were even then getting fonder of covering a certain distance, from point to point, in fewer minutes than their neighbours, than of seeing the hounds work, and even then they were beginning to think of themselves and their own position first, and of the hounds afterwards. Something may be said in extenuation of these offenders—or innovators, call them which we may—on account of the enormous field that assembled in the crack hunting countries, and the consequent necessity of getting an advantageous start, or resigning all hope of getting near the front without astonishing luck. But the real cause at the bottom was the craving, in the hunting-field as on the road, for more speed—a craving that has increased, instead of diminishing ; for if hunting in Leicestershire had got into the fast-coaching age in "Nimrod's" time, it has assuredly advanced into the railway age in ours. The history of Snob and his little bay mare, though not in the least degree brilliant, is fairly readable ; and, assisted as it is materially by Mr. Alken's clever illustrations, gives a good idea of the best part of the best hunting country in England, in all its varieties. Apart from this, there is scarcely anything in the essay to claim our attention now, and the lengthy lists of departed foxhunters and members of the Melton Clubs are devoid of all significance. It is distressing, too, to see names of persons and places perpetually mis-spelt, especially when both one and the other must have been immediately within the sphere of the author's own personal knowledge.

The Essay on the Turf is the most indifferent of the three, and great parts of it are so out of date as to be quite unintelligible to a reader at the present day. Something is said in the preface about revisions "to meet the changes and alterations that have taken place in the practical parts of the subjects treated of." But what sense can we make of the following, with no foot-note of explanation or adaptation to altered circumstances ?—

Ascot also stands in the foremost rank of *country* races. It is of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced with royalty and aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of "nobody knows who" which must be encountered on a Derby day—the cockney's holiday. It is likewise out of reach of London ruffians—a great recommendation ; and the strictness of the police makes even thieves scarce. Nowadays the crowd of "nobody knows who" is as conspicuous at Ascot as at Epsom ; and so far from Ascot being out of reach of "London ruffians," there is an admirably conducted railway service of which they largely avail themselves, trains running nearly every quarter of an hour, and the journey being comfortably performed in about one hour and a quarter. Here again is another piece of information highly valuable in the winter of 1870-71 :—

A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which, however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. . . . We may also take the liberty to remark that one human life and several good horses have already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime ; and that, from the pace the horses must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. What are called hurdle-races are still more absurd, by blending the qualifications of the race-horse with the hunter, at a time of the year very unfit for the experiment.

Not only one human life, but dozens of human lives, not a few, but hundreds of good horses, have been sacrificed to the passion for steeple-chasing ; and "Nimrod" will be grieved to hear that steeple-races, as he calls them, are not only periodically repeated, but are increasing in number every year. Hurdle-racing also, which forty years ago he thought so absurd, flourishes from November to May, and is the leading feature of many meetings ; and now that the time for flat-racing is limited, these cross-country gatherings (as they may be called) bid fair to be indefinitely multiplied. These examples will serve to show that the

author has not done much to carry out his announcement in the preface of adapting these papers to the present age. In looking through the one hundred and forty-five pages devoted to "The Turf," we can only find three lines and a-half of new matter, in which "Nimrod" expresses his opinion that "the eyes of noblemen and gentlemen have been opened to certain proceedings, and the Turf is evidently in a more healthy state than it was when these papers first appeared in the *Quarterly Review*." From this latter conclusion, we regret to say, we are compelled to differ.

RESOURCES OF LA PLATA.*

ALTHOUGH couched in the form of an official Report to a Government, Major Rickard's work upon the Resources of the Argentine Republic reads much more like a prospectus addressed to the world at large, or an advertisement to capitalists or intending emigrants, so eager is the rhetoric brought in to heighten the effect of facts and figures, so glowing are the terms in which are set forth the prospects of this most recent of New World Republics. The veritable *El Dorado* would seem, from the writer's highly-coloured picture, to be at length open to the world. Instead of reporting to the head of his Government in the cold and guarded phraseology made familiar to us by our blue-books, we find him breaking the ice of official reserve to discourse to all whom it may concern. He declares himself "authorised by His Excellency the President to offer every assistance and facility to all enterprises having for their object the development of the mineral resources and manufacturing industries of the Republic." All that is required is "population and energy," with the minimum of capital, in order to realize the utmost that the boldest or most sanguine patriot can desire :—

Blessed with, perhaps, the finest climate in the world—where, from the extent of territory, larger than Europe (excepting Russia), any temperature may be selected to live in—the Argentine Republic is destined to become at no distant day the great rival of the United States as a field for immigration ; and once populated, in even a less degree than that country, its internal wealth and resources—agricultural as well as mineral—must make it stride far ahead of it, and become at once the Great Republic of the South.

It might be thought the height of indiscretion in a work of a semi-official character, to say the least, thus openly to indulge in visions of commercial and political rivalry with the mighty master of the Northern half of the Continent. The folly of the frog in aspiring to the bulk of the ox is made tenfold sillier by his announcing beforehand his beginning to puff himself up. It might be a sign for the larger animal in the present instance to act upon an awkward way that he has of putting down his foot in cases of this kind. Apart, moreover, from any conceivable conflict of interests or clashing of arms with the States of the Northern Union, what effect must the geographical position of the young Republic of La Plata in relation to its immediate neighbours be expected to exercise at once upon its political and its commercial development ? We couple together the two elements of the problem, for of what avail can be the richest endowments of nature, or the most teeming productions of man's industry, without that immunity from external ills which alone renders them permanent and safe ? Now it is hard to conceive a district of the extent of the Argentine Federation so little protected from hostile intrusion for by far the widest range of its frontier. Thrust like an elongated wedge between the huge Republic of Peru and the far vaster Empire of Brazil, let us but conceive for a moment the northern provinces of the republic, at a distance of over a thousand miles from the capital and seaboard, having to make good their boundaries against incursion from either of the bordering States. For only a limited portion of the upper districts does the mountain chain form a strong natural frontier. Further south, albeit protected from Chili on the west by the lofty range of the Cordillera, the Republic has only to show towards the east the long water line of the Paraná or Uruguay. A river, however welcome as a boundary line to map-makers, or as a ground of settlement in peaceful territorial suits, is proverbially one of the least defensible or trustworthy frontiers in the face of hostile invasion. For how many miles, in the case of a state of war, must the Argentine dominion be kept in a state of distrust and watchfulness on the side of Paraguay, whose nascent liberties have been recently for a while crushed under the armed weight of Brazil, leagued with La Plata ? For three hundred miles, to its embouchure in the wild estuary of the Paraná, the breadth of the Uruguay forms the sole barrier between the Argentine territory and a republic not many years ago at war with her neighbour ; at the present hour torn with internal strife, her capital in a state of siege or blockade. With no more strongly defined physical lines of demarcation, can such a State be held secure in its political or military equilibrium, more especially on a continent so teeming with explosive forces, where the commixture of native blood with that of the Latin races of Europe seems to have formed a compound peculiarly quick to throw out revolution and war ?

Were we at liberty to view the possible future of La Plata wholly apart from uncertainties and risks of this description, there need be, we allow, no stricter limits to its prosperity and progress than the compiler of this Report has felt bound to set himself. Nor can we complain of any exaggeration in the terms of eulogy

* *The Mineral and other Resources of the Argentine Confederation (La Plata)* in 1869. Published by the Special Authority of the National Government. By Major F. Ignacio Rickard, F.G.S. &c. Longmans & Co. 1870.

employed by Major Rickard in describing what has been done to develop and augment these great natural resources by President Sarmiento. To control and organize a volatile and unsettled race such as the Hispano-American, to restrain and convert to peaceful pursuits the hordes of wandering gauchos and wild freebooters, to lay down and enforce a code of laws and rules for the regulation of mining and manufacturing enterprises—such have been the measures whereby order, industry, and the peaceful arts have made a degree of progress seldom to be seen in a community so young. Its credit on the Stock Exchange forms a practical test of what the financial world thinks of the future that awaits it. Before 1865, when the Argentine Republic first made its appearance as a borrower in our market, the very existence of such a State was all but unknown in Great Britain. Now its 6 per cent. bonds, issued then at 72½, are quoted at 94 or 95. Ten years ago there were not fifty miles of railway in the country. Now there are 500 miles completed and in work, while 800 more are in course of construction or projected. The Central Argentine Railway has been carried as far as Cordoba, one of the most important mining districts of the Republic; and its prolongation will tend to develop the resources of the rich and fertile province of Santiago del Estero, whose wealth in indigo and cochineal has long been isolated from the centres of commerce. The eastern extension in the direction of San Luis Mendoza and San Juan will open up a vast field of agricultural, pastoral, vinicultural, and mineral produce. The rich silver ores of San Juan and Mendoza will then, instead of going across the Andes to Chili, find their natural outlet by the River Plat. The gold fields of Gualilán, in San Juan, are second, Major Rickard maintains, to none yet discovered in South America; and as likely to pay 100 per cent. as the famous Don Pedro North del Rey. The Central Argentine Railway Company offers some 900,000 acres of first-class land, which is being rapidly peopled by eager colonists. And so rich is the virgin soil, we are told, as "almost to require impoverishing before it will yield quality in preference to quantity, in cereal and other crops." Flax, abundant in quantity and long in fibre, grows in the plains. In the province of Tucuman rice and tobacco are cultivated, and in the far north Salta and Jujuy show thriving plantations of coffee. Wine enough is produced in San Juan and Mendoza to supply the whole of the lower Riverine provinces, not inferior in quality to the majority of wines imported to Buenos Ayres from Europe. Owing to a scarcity of labour flour has had hitherto to be imported, but Major Rickard looks forward to the Republic being able in a few years to compete as an exporting country in this branch of produce with Chili and California.

La Plata, despite its name, has come to be regarded more as a field for agricultural enterprise than as a source of mineral wealth. The rich pampas of the south have to a great extent drawn away the energy and industry of settlers from the traditional and almost fabulous hoards of the precious metals said to lie hid in the mountains of the north. It is from the development of the mineral resources of the country that President Sarmiento is disposed to look for the easiest means of increasing its substantial wealth, and of promoting the influx of settlers. And it is to the subject of mining that Major Rickard particularly addresses himself throughout his work. Of the fourteen provinces which make up the Republic he takes no consideration of eight, as not bearing upon this primary interest. The richest silver mines, he tells us, are those of Famatina, in the northern province of La Rioja, though they are difficult to work from being situated 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and operations being impeded by the want of fuel, as well as by a heavy rainfall of three months. Mendoza is famous for the deposits of "auriferous copper" in the Cerro de Payen (*Payen*, in the Indian language, being copper), described by the Abbé Molina. This metal, from its peculiar brightness, long passed as a counterfeit of gold. The best deposits of true gold are those of Guachi and Gualilán (*Guachi* signifying gold in the Huerpe tongue) in the province of San Juan. One of the old mines, La Misnata, yielded not long ago ores containing 96 ounces of gold, and 4,933 ounces of silver, to the ton. Great changes have from time to time been made in the mode of working the precious metals. The old miners generally were only acquainted with what are termed by the Spaniards "warm metals" (*metales calidos*), or those easily reduced by means of mercury, forming with it an amalgam of silver, which, after straining, was pressed and heated in a cast-iron retort till the mercury was driven off, and there remained a metallic mass of almost pure silver. A later generation of miners came at a depth of forty or fifty yards upon the "cold metal" (*metal frio*), not to be reduced by amalgam, but requiring the process of smelting. The Rosario mine in Mendoza, which had repeatedly disheartened successive bodies of miners, was reopened in 1865 by Major Rickard himself, in partnership with native gentlemen of enterprise and capital, and found to yield a satisfactory profit. In this province earthquakes have been exceptionally destructive of late years. The capital city, Mendoza, was so thoroughly destroyed by a shock in 1861 that it was with difficulty the Government could be brought to acquiesce in the desire of the old inhabitants to rebuild it upon the old site. The new city is a model of convenience, beauty, and sanitary arrangement, traversed by wide canals, and by an elegant Alameda. Water is laid on throughout, and the health of the population watched over by an active and able English physician.

Coal and iron have been found in many provinces of La Plata, abundant in quantity, and of a quality well fitted for the purpose of smelting. Contrary to the prevalent impression, Major Rickard met with coal deposits in San Juan, not only in Los Marayes

and La Huerta, but all the way from Jachal to Los Llanos, and he is confident it exists as far as the city of Cordoba itself. The prosperity of Cordoba, the central province, which is the theme of Major Rickard's warmest eulogium, rests mainly upon its rich plains and its production of cereals. In few communities of the like extent could it be declared, as it was by the President of the municipality of Esperanza in his official speech of welcome, "Here, sir, we are all rich." It may be long before the Utopian vision which Major Rickard discerns for this favoured land is actually realized, but the facts and statistics he has brought together with so much pains are worthy of all attention. His appendix furnishes some useful details for the information and guidance of intending immigrants. The absence of a map of any kind is a serious drawback from the value and interest of his book. Nor can we expect so bare a compilation of dry material to offer much attraction to the general reader. We have nevertheless reason to be grateful for so much light concerning a country possessing so many advantages and as yet so little known.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

THE Story of Sir Richard Whittington. Written and Illustrated by E. Carr. (Longmans and Co.) Though this is evidently meant to take a high place among the gift-books of the season, we cannot congratulate the author on either his poetic or artistic powers. He would have spared himself some trouble, and would have pleased his readers all the more, if he had taken the old story of Dick Whittington just as he found it, and left versification alone. If it were not for the fine old English type in which his poem is printed, and for the illuminations with which it is adorned, we should have run the risk of mistaking it for doggerel. Even as it is, we scarcely think that verses such as the one we will now quote require pages nearly a foot and a-half long by a foot broad, at the rate of four pages for six verses:

So to the kitchen he was sent,
And there his duty was,
To turn the meat before the fire,
And clean the pots of brass.

The illustrations are certainly better than the poem, and if Mr. E. Carr is halting between two opinions, and scarcely knows whether art or poetry attracts him more, we earnestly recommend him to follow art. At the same time, before he illustrates Whittington's life again, let him learn to draw a cat. The only thing that we can find to praise in the whole book is an engraving of a curious old stone carving found "in the very house in Gloucester in which the Whittington family resided as far back as 1460." It represents "a boy of perhaps nine years old, with the hood of the period round his shoulders, the hair cut square across the forehead and long over the ears, the feet bare, and carrying a cat." Our author contends that "this discovery must set at rest for ever all question on the subject of poor puss." He seems to forget that pictures and carvings not only illustrate stories but also often give rise to them.

Wonderful Stories from Northern Lands. By Julia Goddard. (Longmans and Co.) Miss Goddard gives us, in very simple and yet vigorous language, some of the stories from "the Eddas and Sagas of Northern Europe." To these is prefixed an introduction by the Rev. George W. Cox, on the connexion that exists between the Northern folklore and the legends of Greeks, Hindus, and the other kindred nations. Mr. Cox's views, though at times they may be thought fanciful and perhaps a little forced, are nevertheless interesting and clearly set forth. In the main, at least, he is correct, but we cannot admit that in each particular instance he is right in the connexion that he traces. As for the book itself, we can heartily recommend it. It is an agreeable change, among the "goody" stories which it has been our lot to read, to come upon one where no moral is taught, and no scheme of rewards and punishments is set forth. It may be true that naughtiness leads to a supper of dry bread and an early bed, while virtue sits up late in the parlour and munches a slice of cake, but when once this has been fairly stated, it loses its interest in repetition even for children. Nor, again, do we like our young folk to be made too early acquainted with all the sorrows and the hard, coarse cares of poverty, as pity, like many other qualities, if called upon too soon, is apt to meet with an early decay. Sympathy for suffering should for the most part be formed by familiarity with suffering in its grandeur, and not in its pettiness. We would rather see our young folk weep with Shakespeare over Arthur, than with Dickens over a crossing-sweeper. We trust that the time will come when the young will mostly read what the world wrote in its youth, and with such a hope we welcome these stories from the Northern Lands.

A companion story to this book is *The Heroes of Asgard*, by A. and E. Keary. (Macmillan.) This book is in its second edition, and its authors therefore deserve the more credit for having been early in the field. It is, on the whole, well written, though it does not come quite up to its younger rival. Nevertheless, as they do not altogether cover the same ground, they need not greatly interfere with each other. We learn from the preface that "some conversations at the beginning and end of the chapters" have been omitted—most wisely so, no doubt. We wonder if any child ever willingly read those conversations which Mrs. B. carried on with those inquiring but most priggish children, Henry and Mary.

To pass from children's stories to cookery, we have to notice a new and revised edition of *Cre-Fydd's Family Fare*. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) If we had half a column to spare we would quote the full title of this work; as it is, we must content ourselves with saying that it seems to contain everything that "The Young Housewife" ought to know, from the best way how to make Chesterfield soup down to a means of getting rid of fleas.

All Round the World. By Parker Gillmore. (Chapman & Hall.) These stories would read all the better if they were not written in a language which may be cosmopolitan, but which is at times scarcely English. "His tube vomited forth its contents" is an odd way of saying that a man fired off his gun; and though "the dead tiger's premises" has an imposing look, there is just a chance that to a youthful mind it may fail to convey any meaning. The illustrations by Mr. Sidney Hall, though evidently carelessly engraved, are yet above the ordinary run. The frontispiece—a dead elephant, gnawed at by four crocodiles, and pecked at by a flight of vultures—shows considerable imagination on the artist's part, as we suppose he scarcely succeeded in getting a study from real life.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe has done well in leaving Byron alone and in turning to the composition of a story for her "little girl friends." Her *Little Pussy Willow* (Low and Co., and Bell and Daldy) is a pretty story of its kind, and will, no doubt, find a good many little readers. *The King of Topsy-Turvy*, by Arthur Lillie (Tinsley), we found rather poor reading, as the jokes seemed heavy and laboured. We must confess, however, that in this we differed from a youthful critic to whom we submitted it; for he pronounced it very funny. As it is written for young people, perhaps he ought to know best. *When I was a Little Girl*, by the Author of "St. Olave's" (Macmillan and Co.), contains some stories for children, pleasantly and simply written. The illustrations, by L. Frölich, show much more character than we have for the most part met with. We would especially praise a picture of a woman and a child driving home the ducks from a pond. With this book we must join *The Story of Our Doll*, by Mrs. George Cupples (Nelson and Sons). When little folk are tired of playing with their dolls, they cannot do better than form a ring and hear this pretty story of one. *The Art of Amusing*, by Frank Bellew (Hotten), is described as "a collection of graceful arts, games, tricks, &c.," and might afford a good deal of merriment to a house full of young people. The explanations of the tricks seem clear, and are aided by a great many diagrams. The chief fault of the book is its somewhat high-flown style. *Country House Charades*, by Edmund C. Nugent (Hotten), is a somewhat similar but more ambitious work. *Country House Charades* are as a rule so poor that we have no doubt they will be none the worse, but rather the better, if taken from this book. Mr. Nugent gives charades in twelve different styles, as the operatic, the bombastic, &c. As they are not too long, and are each limited to half-a-dozen performers, they may meet with not a little success. Mr. Nugent should learn, however, that though within the sound of Bow Bells *farce* may rhyme with *alas*, it does not happily as yet throughout the country.

Among Almanacs we have received the *Era, Dramatic and Musical*, by Edward Ledger; the *Art Union of London Almanac*; and lastly *Whitaker's*, which is crammed full of information on all points and is really a good shilling's-worth. The list of remarkable days and events is as amusing as ever. What an extraordinary jumble of men and ages is obtained by rapidly reading the list downwards! Take, for instance, eight consecutive days in March which stand thus:—Julius Caesar assassinated b.c. 44—Duchess of Kent died, 1861—St. Patrick's Day—Edw. K.W.S. Pa. Louise b. 1848—4th Sunday in Lent, Mid-Lent—St. Cuthbert—St. Benedict Abbot—King William of Prussia b. 1797. We think that it would be well for almanac-makers not to confuse our heads too much, but to keep at all events the diary of each month to one country or one century.

The Story of Madge and the Fairy Content. By Blanchard Jerrold. (Hotten.) This is a story about Christmas, and, so far as we could read in it, about a Christmas plum-pudding. If the cook could at all rival Mr. Jerrold in making a good deal out of very small materials, she would be a treasure to an economical household.

Ice. A Southern Night's Dream. (Low and Co.) The best use that could be made of the ice would be to have it applied to the anonymous author's head, for he must have been in a state of delirium at the least before he could have written such a rhapsody as this:—"Written with bones, what can it spell but death? And well we know without much sight that our vaulted atmosphere spans one huge charnel-house; that well nigh all the dusty crust of this our orange has, at one time, leaped, or dived, or fluttered, or quivered with the electric shocks of souls."

Birds and Flowers, by Mary Howitt (Nelson and Sons). The versification of this little book is pretty, and the "eighty-seven drawings on wood by H. Giacometti," with which it is adorned, are true to nature and full of spirit.

The Victory of the Vanquished and *The Spanish Brothers* (Nelson and Sons) are tales founded on the persecutions of the first and sixteenth centuries. The gladiators of the first story were not exact in their Latin if they passed before the Emperor with the "Ave Caesar, morituri te saluant."

On the Seas (Routledge). This little book is meant for boys, and seems likely to interest them. From Messrs. Cassell and Co. we have translations of two stories by the Norwegian

author Bjornstern Bjornson—*Love and Life in Norway*, translated by the Hon. Augusta Bethell and Augusta Plesner; and *The Fishing Girl*, translated by Augusta Plesner and Frederika Richardson. The translators seem to have done their work well, and the stories, as far as we have looked into them, we should rank among the most interesting of all these Christmas tales. With these we must class two of Andersen's later stories—*Put Off is not Done With*, and *Poultry Meg's Family*, translated by Dr. Dulcken (Routledge). It is scarcely possible for Andersen to have written a story, whether early or late, and not to have written it prettily, and we trust that these will be found to be no exceptions. When Mr. William Howitt gives us one of his charming descriptions of English country life, we scarcely need to go abroad for our stories. His *Jack of the Mill* is full of humour and interest, and is written by a man who learnt to describe scenery before the modern school, with its "glinting" and "sheen" and the rest of it, was born. *One Trip More and other Stories*, by the Author of "Mary Powell" (Cassell and Co.). Among the other stories we have one of *Sally in Our Alley*. We are glad to find that the young lovers no longer walk out on "the day that comes between a Saturday and Monday," but go twice to service instead. When they do take their walk, it is on a general holiday. We should recommend that this story be printed separately, and distributed as a tract in music-halls and places where they sing.

Walter's Escape, by J. B. de Liefde (Hodder and Stoughton), is a story of the capture of Breda. It is full—perhaps too full—of adventures, and is told with much spirit.

We must content ourselves with merely naming the following stories for young people:—*Deborah's Drawer*, by E. G. O'Reilly, and *Four Messengers*, by E. M. H. (Bell and Daldy); *Esther West*, by Isa Craig-Knox; *Love and Duty*, by A. J. Buckland; *Labour Stands on Golden Feet*, translated from the German of H. Zschokke, by John Yeats, LL.D.; and *Truly Noble*, by Madame de Chatelain (Cassell and Co.); *The Merchant's Sermon*, by L. B. Walford (Edmonston and Co.); *Silken Cords and Iron Fetters*, an Australian Tale by M. J. Franc (Low and Co.); *The Grey House on the Hill*, by the Honourable Mrs. Greene; and *Stepping Heavenward*, by the Author of "The Flower of the Family" (Nelson and Sons); *The Holiday Camp*, by R. St. John Corbet; *Friend or Foe, a Tale of Sedgemoor*, by Rev. H. C. Adams; and *Spider Spinings*, by G. L. M. (Routledge); *Cris Fairlie's Boyhood*, by Mrs. Elloart; *Sylvia and Janet*, by the Author of "Aggesden Vicarage," &c.; *Campanella*, by Mrs. Mercier; *Willie Herbert*, by the Author of "The Heavy Sixpence"; and *The Rock Light*, by E. L. Hervey (Warne and Co.).

We must, in conclusion, say a word as to the language in which stories for children are too often written. We would advise those who pretend to write for children to study the language which children really use. The relish for long words derived from the Greek or Latin is a taste that is acquired rather late; the later the better, we may add. Churchwardens' English may sound very well at a Vestry meeting, but it is somewhat too ponderous for the light stories of childhood. As we have turned over the leaves of story after story, we have come upon word after word, and phrase after phrase, which were far beyond the understanding of those to whom they were used. As a little country child was looking through some of these books she asked if town children were much cleverer than country children. "For," she said, "the writers all live in London, and so hear only London children talk, and in their stories they put into children's mouths words so fine that we out here do not know what they mean."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE biographies of the leaders of the American Revolution have long since been written, and form the most popular and universally familiar of school and family studies in the States. The fame of the founders of other nations is for the most part obscured as well as magnified by the mists of pre-historic tradition and mythical exaggeration, and of the real character of its favourite heroes the people know almost as little as of the original forefathers of the race. But the very first beginnings of the United States' history are preserved in authentic records, and there is no portion of the national life in which the imagination of the ballad-maker or the romancer, the unconscious creation of popular tradition or the conscious invention of the poet, has free scope. In spite of this, the orators of Thanksgiving-day and the Fourth of July have contrived to throw around the Pilgrim Fathers a halo of fiction almost as bright and as unreal as that which the old Fabii and Horatii owed to those who delivered funeral speeches over their descendants; and the most bitter and narrow-minded of Protestant persecutors are held up to the admiration of the nineteenth century as the champions of a religious liberty which they abhorred even more sincerely than did Laud or Charles I., and denounced as a criminal tenderness to the Amalekite, a halting between the Lord and Baal. Perhaps it is for this reason that the founders of the Colonies are not such favourites with American biographers and bookmakers as the founders of the Union, and that the heroes of the Revolution, about whom there are few popular delusions to be dispelled, few cherished ideas with which a biographer must be brought into violent collision, are the chief objects of historic research and bibliographical industry. The greater names of 1776 having already received all the honours

that publishers can render them, the minor lights of the continental Congress and the colonial army now enjoy their turn, and scarcely a year passes but the memory of three or four of the less distinguished satellites of Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson is diligently recovered from the oblivion into which it had naturally fallen, and enshrined in solid and well-printed volumes, enlarged with multifarious letters and political documents, disinterred from public archives and private collections, for which State or party feeling secures a limited and temporary attention. The materials for the future historians of America, in the shape of memoirs and published letters, will be unusually abundant. Among the average works of this numerous order we must note the recently published *Life of George Read**, one of the delegates to Congress from the little State of Delaware, of which he was one of the most influential and popular citizens, and which he governed for some time during the captivity of its President, dying in 1798 as Chief Justice of its Supreme Court. There is little in the individual character or history of this gentleman that commands attention or inspires interest. A man of high but not leading spirit, intermixed with and subordinate to men of the greatest and most commanding genius, he filled honourably an honourable but second-rate part; and his influence on events was not such as to render it worth while, in these days of literary superabundance, to bestow on him the time and effort necessary to the digestion of this somewhat lengthy memoir, crowded as it is with formal papers and unimportant letters. Its chief interest lies in the light it throws incidentally on certain features of the revolutionary struggle which are too commonly overlooked—the strong division of opinions and sympathies among the colonists, the cruel and vindictive persecution of loyal gentlemen, the inherent weakness of the revolutionary government and armies, the disgraceful panics to which the raw militia, and especially the troops of New England, were constantly liable, the anxiety often approaching to despair manifested by some of the ablest and most thoughtful of the revolutionary statesmen, and the excellent grounds which long existed for the belief, now deemed so preposterous, that England could reduce the colonies to submission; and, finally, the intimate resemblance between the cause and conduct of the United Colonies in 1776, and of the Confederate States in 1861. John Dickinson, the colleague of Read, filled the rôle occupied in 1861 by Mr. A. H. Stephens, as the opponent of the policy, not of the righteousness, of the Declaration of Independence; and it deserves notice that while Mr. Stephens was elected Vice-President of the Confederacy, and remained throughout one of its most respected statesmen, Mr. Dickinson sacrificed his public career to his honest conviction. Mr. Read's communications with this resolute and patriotic, but unpopular, statesman are not the least interesting portion of the memoir.

Mr. D. B. Scott's *School History of the United States*†, if it has no very distinguished literary merit, has at least the advantage of brevity; and the manner in which maps and illustrations are introduced into the text may help to fix events and places in the minds of children.

The little that will be known to future generations of the fast disappearing race of the North American Indians will be derived almost exclusively from two sources; the bitter and prejudiced writings of men who suffered from their vengeance, and inflicted cruelties not less atrocious and much more effectual and systematic than they endured, and the more candid and well-intentioned, but hardly less one-sided, accounts of a few earnest and devoted men who lived as missionaries among them, and who judged of their customs, their ideas, and their character from the missionary standpoint, little regarding any traits either of nature or of habit which had not some bearing on their willingness to accept the teachings of Christianity. From neither quarter is a fair or complete account of the tribes to be expected. Those who waged a war of extermination against them saw nothing in them but what was hateful or contemptible—savage ferocity and shameless treachery, filthy degradation and barbarous cruelty. And yet an impartial observer will be forced to allow that the Indians were not more faithless, and hardly more cruel, than their enemies; that if their laws of war were not those of the white man, such as they were they were not more frequently violated; that if their ideas of good faith were those of savages, they were perhaps more strictly observed than the higher standards of the civilized invaders. The slaughter of women and children, the torture of captives, the mutilation of the dead, were part of their martial law; and when treaties made according to Indian notions of validity have been shamelessly broken, the savage has by no means always been the offender. The missionaries draw a picture which, if in some respects it exhibits the Indian character in a brighter light, as was natural in observers who met the natives as friends and not as foes, yet exhibits features of brutal debasement hardly likely to be forced upon the notice, or to impress the minds, of those who only encountered them tomahawk in hand. Yet even in the darkest scenes of the missionary accounts we discern the agency of the white man; the worst abominations which horrified the minds and often imperilled the lives of these self-sacrificing preachers arose from

the introduction of the most dangerous of the temptations of civilized life into communities which had not learned its prudence or its self-restraint. And even in London and New York gin daily produces scenes scarcely less loathsome, if somewhat less fearful, than those produced by rum in the wigwam villages of the West. Among the narratives of missionary experience that have been lately reproduced from forgotten volumes or recently discovered manuscripts few are more lively or more interesting than the biography of David Zeisberger*, a Moravian missionary of the last century. At an early age this man was induced to devote his life to the conversion of the American heathens; to the end of his days he laboured earnestly among them, alone or with companions; he travelled through trackless forests and pestilential swamps; he encountered danger and ill-usage and risk of life and limb at the hands of excited savages and suspicious whites; he underwent abuse and insult from those for whom he laboured, and persecution yet more cruel from those who called themselves his fellow-Christians; he preached among tribes of warlike heathens, and founded peaceful communities of native converts; he saw the Indian character in every aspect and in every variety of circumstance, in native barbarism and under the influence of Christian education, in the hunting camp and the agricultural village, at the council fire and on the war-path, at the prayer-meeting and at the drunken dance; and he has left materials from which his biographer has compiled sketches of native life that are among the most graphic we have ever seen. Nothing can be more horrible than the picture of a whole Indian village—chiefs and medicine-men, warriors and women—in a state of mad intoxication, lasting for days together; nothing more interesting than the contrasting picture of the sober and industrious community into which the Moravian pastors gathered the little flock which, one by one, they had snatched from horrors like these. The author's wholesale condemnation of the Indian race is not borne out by M. Zeisberger's experience; and if it approaches far nearer to the truth than the sentimental romance of Cooper's Indian novels, its error on the other side is rebuked by the instances of simple kindness and unwavering fidelity furnished in abundance by the Moravian records, even more than by the evidence which those records afford that Christian civilization may be stained by crimes quite as black as any ascribed to the Red man. In the war between Great Britain and her colonies it was the fate of the Moravian settlement to be crushed between the contending parties; harshly used by the one, it was treated with utter brutality by the other, and the most cruel and shameful story in the volume is that of the massacre of the Indian converts—men, women, and children—by the American militia. The entire history is full of sad and shocking episodes; but it is interesting as a narrative of earnest and devoted labour in a good cause, and valuable as illustrating the character and customs of tribes now extinct, and of a race whose last remnants will soon have vanished from the face of the earth.

Another interesting and pitiful story is that of the *Children's Crusade*, not ill told by Mr. G. Z. Gray. That most extraordinary of all the strange incidents of the middle ages, that wildest of all the wild excesses of religious fanaticism, might serve as an effective illustration to the few students of history who still stand out against the scepticism of the modern school; for assuredly of all the marvellous legends, not absolutely miraculous, of ages devoid of contemporary records, few, if any, are more wonderful, or impose a heavier strain on human credulity, than the tale of the thousands of boys and girls who went forth at the preaching of two or three half-insane enthusiasts to wrest the Holy City from the infidels who had baffled the entire chivalry of Christendom. Mr. Gray traces, as clearly as the obscurity overhanging the subject permits, the course and fate of the infant crusaders, but he fails to throw any new light upon the motives which could have prompted, not the children to engage in, but the grown-up world to tolerate, this insane enterprise, or on the conditions of human thought and social order which rendered it possible. He makes it evident that a very widespread disbelief in the sanity of the attempt was prevalent, seeing that some cities closed their gates against the juvenile crusaders; that others hurried them through as fast as might be, fearing to refuse, but showing no mind to help them; that none honestly forwarded them; that numbers took advantage of them for the vilest purposes; and yet he is as unable as all former writers to afford a glimpse of the reasons which prevented this general scepticism from operating to restrain an enterprise from which, one would think, parental tenderness and natural weakness would induce even devoutly believing parents to withhold their offspring. The story is as strange as a story well may be that involves no physical miracle; and, were it not too well authenticated for doubt, would be simply and utterly incredible.

Mr. Ralph Keeler's *Vagabond Adventures*‡ deserve to be read, if they are not likely to be remembered by any but a few juvenile readers of equally restless spirit, though not, probably, of equally indomitable courage. The author, belonging to a well-to-do family, ran away from home at an early age, and tells us how

* *Life and Correspondence of George Read, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence; with Notices of some of his Contemporaries.* By his Grandson, William Thompson Read. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

† *A School History of the United States, from the Discovery of America to the Year 1870.* By David B. Scott. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

‡ *The Life and Times of David Zeisberger, the Western Pioneer and Apostle of the Indians.* By Edmund de Schweinitz. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

† *The Children's Crusade: an Episode of the Thirteenth Century.* By George Zabistrius Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1870.

‡ *Vagabond Adventures.* By Ralph Keeler. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

miserable a life he led "among wharves and cabins," serving as steward's boy on board lake and river steamers, or as assistant at a wharf, cleaning knives and handing plates, earning a precarious living on the water, or a comfortable subsistence on land; how he grew rich as newspaper-boy and water-carrier on a railway; how he enjoyed life as a negro minstrel; how he wandered over Europe with scarcely any money at command, associating with the strangest bedfellows, and learning Continental languages from wanderers as poor as himself; how, more for the sake of safety and an assignable position than of learning, he matriculated at the University of Heidelberg; how he lived, and how nearly he starved, among German students; and how, at last, he found his way back to America without a cent in his pocket. His hardships might serve to warn all his boy readers against similar runaway experiments. Unfortunately, hardships seem very light and adventure very pleasant, in anticipation, to the spirits which alone are in danger of following Mr. Keeler's example; and his story is, we fear, likely to encourage rather than to instruct the class of lads who stand in need of such lessons as the book would convey to more experienced readers. Its moral apart, the narrative is readable enough; too short rather than too long, and nowhere spun out by needless comment, or by whining over misfortunes gone by. Indeed, however he may have felt them at the time, the writer seems to look back upon his past exploits in the same temper in which he looked forward to them, and to think much more of the fun he enjoyed than of the hardships he endured. The spirit of the book is thoroughly boyish, and from internal evidence we are inclined to fancy that, even in years, the author is still almost a boy.

The title of Dr. F. Mason's *Autobiography*,* if not strictly a misnomer, is at least of a misleading character. The reader will expect a memoir of a life of which a considerable portion at least was spent in manual labour for weekly wages. He will find the story of a mission to the Eastern Archipelago, preceded indeed by some notices of the previous life of the writer, who was a workman by birth and education, but containing few or no reminiscences of the workshop or the factory, and in their stead a good many criticisms on the mistakes of emigrants and artisans generally, written from an outside spectator's rather than from a working-man's point of view, though mostly sound and practical.

A very unpretending and very interesting little book is a *Journey to Musardu*, by Benjamin Anderson.† The writer, a citizen of Liberia, was employed by his Government to visit and explore the surrounding territories, occupied by negro tribes in various stages of barbarism or semi-civilization, to make himself acquainted with their geography, resources, politics, and dispositions, and to bring them as far as possible into friendly relations with the Republic of Liberia. His account of his experiences is simple, straightforward, and interesting; and, though he is naturally prepossessed in favour of the race to which he belongs, it throws a good deal of light on the native African character. Mr. Anderson was much struck by the policy of a negro prince who was endeavouring to prevent two of his neighbours from going to war, on the ground that the interests of his country and the commerce of his subjects would be imperilled thereby; and, having tendered his mediation, intimated his intention to ally himself with whichever Power consented to accept it against the obstinate aggressor.

Since the first rush to the gold-fields of California, followed by the discovery of as rich or richer stores of the precious metal in Australia, new gold-fields have been found in quick succession in almost every quarter of the world. One of the most recent of these is in Nova Scotia; and in the volume before us, published at Halifax,‡ we have a valuable scientific account of "the Sherbrooke Gold District" and of the general condition and prospects of mining in Nova Scotia; the treatise chiefly consisting of an official Report, and of Papers read before London Scientific Societies.

Imitating the practice of the newer States of America in an even more direct and practical manner, the Government of the Province of Quebec publishes an official invitation to European immigrants,§ giving an elaborate account of the climate, condition, and resources, the constitution, laws, political and municipal system of the Province; of all, in short, that is likely to affect the comfort of the fortunes, and to govern the choice, of an intending settler. A greater service, both to the colonial community and to the working-men of the Mother-country, than the publication of such handbooks, it would not be easy for literature to render; and if only some enterprising publisher in this country would collect the works of this character sent forth by the various communities

competing for emigrant labour, and compile from them a cheap and simple guide to all the principal fields of emigration, showing the advantages and drawbacks of each, he might confer a real benefit on tens of thousands of his countrymen and probably reap no small profit to himself.

The *Virginian Tourist*,* by E. A. Pollard, whose bitter partisan writings on the Confederate war we have had occasion more than once to notice, aspires to something more than the rank of an average guide-book. It contains a full description of the most interesting scenes and sights of the Old Dominion, and would be decidedly useful to a European traveller wishing to spend some time in the State of Washington and of Lee.

Dr. Brinton's little *Guide to Florida and the South*†—chiefly occupied with the former State—contains some useful information respecting the climate and resources of the newest and least settled region of the South, as well as a tolerably complete collection of all the facts most serviceable to a traveller regarding railways, steamers, fares, hotels, distances, places of interest, and the ordinary contents of a guide-book.

Opium and the Opium Appetite‡ is a stringent warning against one of the most seductive, most insidious, and most fatal of human follies, by a writer who appears to know nothing of opium from personal experience, and little more of its influence on opium-eaters generally than any medical man may learn in the course of average reading and professional practice. The warning is doubtless well-meant and sound enough, but the absence of special knowledge, and a disagreeable style, deprive it of much of its due weight, and render it far less effective as a deterrent than a little volume we recently saw, which was little more than an account of the symptoms, treatment, and result of several opium cases of long standing.

Words and their Uses, by Richard Grant White§, is a protest against sundry common instances of misuse of English words, written without pedantry, and with no pretence of learning. A wider familiarity with other languages might have saved the writer from some errors; but on the whole his observations are just, and his explanations clear and reasonable, and if an examination in its contents were made imperative on admission into the columns of a newspaper, our journalism might be rid for ever of a class of words which are gradually creeping from penny-a-liners' paragraphs into leading articles, and even into less ephemeral productions—such words, for example, as inaugurate, "transpire" for happen, locate, eventuate, and their kindred. Every one who can persuade writer for the press to read and inwardly digest Mr. White's by no means tedious volume may congratulate himself on having rendered a real service to a long-suffering country and a misused mother-tongue.

Three works of fiction are on our list. *Mistaken*|| is a book by no means devoid of original thought and power, whatever we may think of the purpose to which they are turned; a book with a clear didactic object, which nevertheless in no way interferes with dramatic truth or personal interest. *Marguerite Kent*|| is a novel of high-flown sentiment; and *Bound Down*** one of that great majority of fictions which it is impossible to characterize in any single phrase so as to distinguish them from their fellows.

* *The Virginian Tourist. Sketches of the Springs and Mountains of Virginia; containing an Exposition of Fields for the Tourist in Virginia, Natural Beauties and Wonders of the State; also, Accounts of its Mineral Springs, and a Medical Guide to the use of the Waters, &c. &c.* By Edward A. Pollard, Author of the "Black Diamonds," the "Lost Cause," &c. &c. Illustrated by Engravings from actual Sketches. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

† *A Guide-Book of Florida and the South, for Tourists, Invalids, and Emigrants, with Map of the St. John River.* By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: G. MacLean. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

‡ *Opium and the Opium Appetite; with Notices of Alcoholic Beverages, Cannabis Indica, Tobacco, and Coca, and Tea and Coffee, in their Hygienic Aspects and Pathologic Relations.* By Alonso Calvius, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

§ *Words and their Uses, Past and Present. A Study of the English Language.* By Richard Grant White. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

|| *Mistaken: or, the Seeming and the Real.* By Lydia Fuller. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

|| *Marguerite Kent. A Novel.* By Marion W. Wayne. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

** *Bound Down; or, Life and its Possibilities.* By Anna M. Fitch. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

We have received a letter from Mr. SAMUEL SHAEN referring to passages in our article of last week entitled "CATCH v. SHAEN" in which we "attributed to him previous action on some public question relating to philanthropy." Mr. SHAEN informs us that before September, 1868, when he drew attention to matters connected with Lambeth Workhouse, he had never "taken an active part upon any such public question." We had erroneously identified Mr. SHAEN with a gentleman of his name and family known to the public in connexion with the proceedings against Governor EYRE.

Princ. RHODOCANAKIS has favoured us with a very long letter and four appendices, relating to the "Imperial Constantinian Order of St. George," and to our recent notice of his publication bearing,

* *The Story of a Working Man's Life; with Sketches of Travel in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, as related by Himself.* By Francis Mason, D.D. With an Introduction by William R. Williams, D.D. New York: Oakley, Mason, & Co. 1870.

† *Narrative of a Journey to Musardu, the Capital of the Western Mandingoes.* By Benjamin Anderson. New York: S. N. Green. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

‡ *Report on the Sherbrooke Gold District, together with a Paper on the Geology of Nova Scotia, and an Abstract of a Paper on Gold Mining in Nova Scotia.* (Read before the Geological Society of London, April 1870, and the Society of Arts, London, May 1870.) By Henry Youle Hind, M.A. Halifax, N.S. Printed by Charles Annand. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

§ *The Province of Quebec and European Emigration.* Published by order of the Government of Quebec. Quebec: Printed at the Office of L'Événement. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

